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NORMAN THOMAS HEYWOOD BROUN CARL VAN DOREN
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WE ARE DELIGHTED that France has put on so high a tariff against the United States that our manufacturers are setting up an almighty howl. They are particularly dismayed that whereas Germany, because of her recent trade agreement with France, receives favorable rates, the maximum possible ones are being levied against the United States. We should like to see the same treatment meted out to us by Italy and Germany, and by every other country in Europe. That would perhaps bring our tariff maniacs to their senses. It might at least induce some of them to do a little examination of political economy and to abandon their attitude that the United States can do precisely as it pleases in tariff matters, while all the other nations must obediently come to heel. If the highest possible tariff walls were built against us Americans might suddenly perceive that the world which would then result would be preposterous, and themselves take the lead in pulling down our own tariff walls as a first step toward sanity and free trade between the nations of the earth. Meanwhile our tariff boosters have the joy of pondering upon the fact that, unless a new trade treaty is negotiated with France, American products will be taxed four times as much as German goods, so that in a short time Germany should win away most of America's business with France. Some of the rates on American products are extremely interesting. Thus, American electrical equipment for automobiles is to be taxed between 800 and 1,300 per cent. Incredibly funny is the protest of the injured American manufacturers that this tariff will penalize the French motoring public by protecting French industry which cannot produce as economically as that in the United States! What, in heaven's name, does our tariff do?

NEITHER STANLEY BALDWIN nor Joseph Stalin can get much satisfaction from the resolutions of the British Trades Union Congress recently in session at Edinburgh. When Mr. Hicks, president of the congress, came out for some sort of cooperation between employers and employees it looked like a gesture of agreement with Mr. Baldwin's appeal for industrial peace. But a few days later the congress adopted a resolution blasting Mr. Baldwin, his Government, and his trade-union bill; accusing him of being the chief stumbling-block in the way of peace, and challenging him to bring his policy before the country in a new general election. The congress has ended its relations with the All-Russian Council of Trade Unions, and decided against recognition of "minority" or left-wing unions in the British movement. But if anyone assumes, from these acts, that the British trade unions are supporting the Russian policy of the Baldwin Government he will meet with another surprise. British labor may be anti-Russian and anti-Communist itself, but it won't, if it can help it, allow the British Government to be. The resolutions adopted at Edinburgh are characteristic of a movement which proceeds according to no apparent logic or plan, which is consistent with nothing—except itself.

FROM THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER of the capitol into jail—that appears to be the regular procedure in Indiana. A couple of weeks ago former Governor Warren T. McCray was released on parole from the Atlanta penitentiary; last week they indicted Governor Ed Jackson and are going to try him on October 3 on the charge of conspiracy to commit a felony. It seems that Mr. Jackson went to Governor McCray, when that official was under indictment and about to face trial in the criminal court, and offered him $10,000 if he would appoint a certain James E. McDonald as prosecuting attorney in Indianapolis, in which case the charges against the Governor would be dropped. Indicted with the Governor were Mayor John L. Duvall of Indianapolis, George V. Coffin, the Republican city and county chairman of Indianapolis, and Robert I. Marsh, Governor Jackson's law partner, a prominent figure in the Ku Klux Klan of Indiana and its counsel. This is a good beginning, but it is only a beginning. Governor Jackson's relationship with D. C. Stephenson, formerly Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, who presented him with a horse and is said to have contributed large sums of money to his campaign fund, is still to be investigated by the grand jury. In this case we have proof of the way the Ku Klux Klan corrupted about everything that it touched. Meanwhile, Mayor Duvall has already gone to trial. But how much simpler it would be, if the voters of Indiana continue to elect men of this type to office, to ask the latter to sign a pledge in advance of their election that they will

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voluntarily go to jail a year after they are inducted into office, thus saving the State the expense of their trials.

TRADE HONESTY is a boast of Western capitalism, and a general assumption is that Russia's Communist rulers are not to be trusted. Frederick W. Lewis, head of the Furness-Withy Lines, has had experience. Some years ago shareholders and associates of the Furness-Withy Lines subscribed half the stock of the Russo-British Grain Export Company, the other half being controlled by Russian interests. Each year this English shareholding group has advanced considerable sums of money to the grain company, which the latter in turn has lent to the Russian Government to finance the marketing of Russia's grain crop. Now Mr. Lewis reports that this business has been conducted in a perfectly normal and satisfactory manner, and that interest has been paid at a rate commensurate with the security offered. Nor have any losses been incurred by any of the British manufacturing firms extending credits to the Russian state trading concerns. Russia needs vast credits for super-electric power stations, the development of its mineral resources, and the enlargement of its manufacturing plants, and the Soviet Republic is England's best potential customer—in 1913, 4,822,000 tons of goods were shipped from Great Britain to Russia, as compared with 231,000 tons in the fiscal year 1925-26. But the Baldwin Government, by breaking off diplomatic relations with Moscow, has made British vessels trading at Russian ports subject to higher taxation than ships of nations enjoying the benefits of a trade agreement with Russia, and has compelled representatives of English firms, desirous of doing business in that country, to go to other capitals for the necessary visa. "If politics and business could only be completely separated," remarks Sir Frederick, "the pathway of business relations between the two nations now at diplomatic loggerheads would be made infinitely smoother."

FROM ACROSS THE OCEAN comes an appeal of the non-political Italian Refugees Relief Committee whose chairman is Lady Slesser, and of which Mrs. Helena Swanwick of *Foreign Affairs*, Wickham Steed, Delisle Burns, Lord Olivier, and Lady Mary Murray are also members. This group of humanitarians has come together to afford help to those Italians who are compelled to leave their country because of the Fascist regime. Anti-Fascists who have private means and keep quiet can stay in Italy, but those who have to earn their living are so boycotted and discriminated against in every way as to be compelled to leave Italy or starve. A writer in the London *Nation* last April declared that considerably more than a thousand persons had then been deported to the private Siberia which Mussolini has established on a few of the Mediterranean islands. These men have been sentenced by special local committees who do not even interrogate the accused. Those who flee to escape this fate include doctors, lawyers, school teachers, journalists, and shopkeepers. They are penniless and in great need. Contrary to the historic policy of Great Britain, these refugees are not allowed to enter England; it is France that upholds the great principle of political asylum, which America, too, has abandoned. A French relief committee is headed by Marc Sangnier. We urge those of our readers who desire to do so to send their contributions to the British committee in care of the secretary, Mr. W. S. Kennedy, 3 Harcourt Buildings, Temple, E. C. 4, London.

MUCH TO THE SURPRISE of the American officials at their recent conference with the Royal Canadian Commission, it was revealed that smuggled liquor does not all travel south. American denatured alcohol, it seems, is in considerable demand in Canada, and bootleggers obligingly carry it northward across the Canadian border. The explanation is elementary: the denatured alcohol is recooked in this country and then placed in the hands of distributors in Canada at about $1.25 a gallon. As the Canadian Government imposes a tax of $10 a gallon on real liquors, it can easily be seen why the distributors prefer the American product. The only difficulty seems to be that the Canadian Government, while it sanctions the drinking of the good, wholesome Canadian liquors, is opposed to seeing its citizens die from alcohol poisoned in the United States for the special use of American citizens.

PEACE AND QUIET prevail once more in Superior, Wisconsin. The school strike which set that community by the ears last May has been settled and the 1,000 students who were on strike for a month are again satisfied. It is the newly elected school board that has restored equanimity to the Superior school situation. The first act of the board was to reinstate the two teachers, Lulu J. Dickinson and C. G. Wade, whose dismissal led to the student strike. The board went even further and dismissed Paul R. Spencer, the former superintendent of schools, who had dismissed them. The "loyalty contracts" of the Central High School teachers were rescinded and replaced by ordinary contracts. These "loyalty contracts" were curious documents by means of which the school board attempted to force every teacher in Superior to work against the elective school officials and for the appointed members. The charges and counter-charges that have flown back and forth between the old appointed board and the newly elected body have somewhat befogged the issues, but the outcome proves that even teachers are not entirely helpless where the community is interested in their treatment.

WITH COMMENDABLE PERSEVERANCE the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters continues to fight for a payment of honest wages to Pullman porters. They meet, however, very stubborn opposition from the Pullman Company. For a long time they were unable to gain even recognition of their union. This achieved, the way seemed open for mediation of the dispute. But the efforts of the United States Mediation Board were unsuccessful. The next step, ordinarily, would have been submission of the dispute to the Arbitration Board. This the Pullman Company refused to permit, although its action was a clear violation of the Railway Labor Act. So the porter's union has been forced to carry its fight to the Emergency Board of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Before this board the Brotherhood hopes to win its demands for minimum wages of $150 a month instead of the pitiful $72.50 now in effect. It would then be possible, they point out, to abolish the system which compels the porters to rely for their wages on the hazard of tips, which average only $56 per month. The union also asks a month's service of 240 hours instead of nearly 400 hours, which would equalize it with the Pullman conductor's month. These demands are not unreasonable. The porters should surely be entitled to a "living wage" sufficient to

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do away with the tipping system, even though such a provision might mean a reduction of the Pullman Company's dividend.

THE PESSIMISTIC PROPHECIES about the dire results that would follow the introduction of the eight-hour day in the steel industry seem to have been just a little too hasty. We now learn from the *Iron Trade Review* that after four years of experience with the shorter day the producers have been convinced of its economic advantages. Since its introduction four years ago, the trend of iron and steel prices has been downward—despite the fact that Judge Gary produced voluminous figures to show that prices would increase as a result. And then again there has been the alleviation, "to a marked extent," of the problem of labor turnover—despite Mr. Gary's theory that the men would become more restless with four extra hours on their hands. The men, it seems, are more satisfied:

> Steel-mill executives hold that with the eight-hour day has come greater employee efficiency. Whether this can be measured in dollars and cents, of course, is not clear. . . . It is certain, however, that the increased efficiency of employees and the apparent added contentment in the ranks of steel organizations have resulted in economies in operations in many lines.

And through it all the United States Steel Corporation has managed to maintain its prosperity. This turn of events, at least, shows that even the great, far-seeing captains of industry make errors once in a while—that is to say, it is only once in a while that they are caught making them. But we must concede that in these uncertain times it does take a special sort of skill to predict so many things none of which actually come true.

EVERY MAN, whether citizen or alien, is equal before the law in this country—unless he is a coal miner on strike in eastern Ohio. There Benson W. Hough, judge of the United States District Court in Steubenville, has remolded the law nearer to his heart's desire. In issuing an injunction setting limits to picketing he has ruled, according to an Associated Press dispatch, that "No man can serve as a union picket under the terms of the order unless he is an American citizen and knows the English language." This illegal discrimination between aliens and citizens recalls a tirade delivered by a Chicago judge, a certain William R. Fetzer, during the judicial hysteria previous to the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. As recorded in a special dispatch to the Los Angeles *Times*, Judge Fetzer said to a group of persons alleged to have created "disturbances":

> You people might as well understand right now that you cannot run Chicago or this country. Organizations, associations, or affiliations cannot and must not attempt to interfere with what courts of another State, or this State, do. Judges and prosecutors are competent and will do their duty.
>
> Those of you who do not like the way this country is conducted can get out and return to your own lands. It is none of your business what is done by the courts of Massachusetts or any other part of this country.

We hope this report is somewhat distorted. It seems incredible that any one occupying even the most inconsequential bench (we don't know Judge Fetzer's court) should spout such bull-dozing balderdash. "Judges and prosecutors are competent and will do their duty," says Sir Oracle. Since when? For as far back in history as it is possible to trace the workings of government, in order to get even a shadow of justice and effectiveness out of it for the common man, it has been necessary to keep the closest kind of watch on all public employees. And just now it seems advisable to double the guard on judges.

MR. MENCKEN SHOULD BE WORRIED. If imitation is flattery it is also death to iconoclasm. And the abundance of imitations of Mr. Mencken and his *American Mercury* is evidence that he has become one of the new American demigods. The young college generation speaks a degenerate Menckenese; and the new magazines ape his program and the typography with which Mr. Knopf has generously clothed him. He has become in his turn a national fashion. An unknown publisher announces an effort to outmencken Mencken with Mr. G. D. Eaton as editor of *Plain Talk;* and the *Reflex*, which began in July as a monthly panorama of Jewish life in America, shows in typography and thought how closely its editors, while suspicious of assimilation in general, have assimilated Menckenism at least. It is not an unhealthy phenomenon. American Jewry has earned its right to be proud of its contribution to America and its shepherding of its race throughout the world; but its pride, like all patriotisms, needs occasionally to be taken off the shelf and scrubbed with Mencken's analytic soap.

WE HAVE FURTHER NEWS of twelve-year-old Anna, about whom we wrote in our issue of September 7 [page 219]. When she was five years old Anna was given by her mother to a Negro family in Milwaukee. Anna lived with them until recently, when the police took charge of her while she was following a carnival company in the street. In court it appeared that Anna was white, and—although she wanted to stay with her foster parents and they wanted to keep her—it was decided that that wouldn't do. Anna was sent to the Home for Dependent Children "pending investigation" of the ability of her foster parents to support her. To those acquainted with the ways of officialdom that sounded like an indeterminate sentence. But it has not turned out so. J. P. Schroeter, one of our readers in Milwaukee, sends us an item from the *Leader* of that city which tells that later on Anna's mother came from Georgia and testified that she herself had Negro blood. So Anna was restored to her foster parents. Our correspondent writes: "You probably know that our mayor and nearly one-half of our aldermen are Socialists; therefore you may be sure that any such matters will always find a fair solution." He asks that we print a note "cleaning the name of our city." We are glad to do so; but we still wonder what the outcome would have been if Anna's mother had said the child was white.

INTO POWERS HAPGOOD'S account of the action of the Boston police in committing him to a psychopathic ward in order to keep him away from Sacco and Vanzetti protests, printed in our issue of September 7, slipped a last-minute error for which Mr. Hapgood was in no way responsible and which he asks us to correct. The article as printed stated that "While I was detained at the hospital Mr. Hays, as my counsel, tried to see me and was not permitted to, nor were doctors who accompanied him for the purpose of examining me." Mr. Hays did see Mr. Hapgood; the accompanying physicians were not permitted to.

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The Revolt at Geneva

AT last there are stirrings within the League of Nations. The smaller nations have taken their courage in both hands and flung down the gauntlet to the Great Powers, who, from the very beginning, have acted as if they considered the League their private property. In 1923, Hjalmar Branting, the former Prime Minister and representative of Sweden, was so outraged by the League's spinelessness in the face of Mussolini's attack upon Corfu that he talked of taking the smaller Powers out of the League. Four years have elapsed. Nobody seems to have organized the revolt, but it has come. Latvia, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Lithuania, Belgium, Holland, and Poland led the way. The Foreign Minister of Sweden, M. Lofgren, Branting's successor, openly attacked Sir Austen Chamberlain for his lack of faith in the League that he pretends to support, and the Prime Minister of Latvia denounced him for sabotaging the security protocol of 1924. In the face of the Englishman's open disapproval Poland brought forward its plan of outlawing war, and Holland, without going hat in hand to Sir Austen for the latter's kind permission, most unexpectedly raised the question of disarmament. All of which is nothing short of lese majeste. Also it is the healthiest and most hopeful sign that has come out of Geneva since the League was started. For frank speaking and straight-from-the-shoulder hitting there has been nothing like it. It has already achieved one result; it has at least made Sir Austen, the now pinchbeck hero of Locarno, bend his knee and alter his tone.

It is a fact that when Sir Austen undertook to head off the Polish plan for outlawing war, which provides for general security and non-aggression agreements, supplemental to and not replacing regional agreements, and in effect guarantees existing frontiers, he found that he had undertaken a good deal more than he could achieve. After a two-hour conference with the French Foreign Minister and one of an hour with Dr. Stresemann he turned a complete somersault and was compelled to sit by while the Polish representative, M. Sokol, introduced a modified resolution declaring that all wars of aggression are international crimes and are forbidden, that every pacific means should be employed to regulate disputes, and that members of the League should consider it an obligation to conform to these principles. These would seem to be the very ideas for which the League was founded; that any statesman could be found in 1927, eight years after its birth, seeking to prevent a mere expression of opinion like this, is the clearest proof of the way the League has failed heretofore to live up to its opportunities and of the necessity for a revolt. Sir Austen is quoted in effect as denying that there is an inner council within the Council of the League and that that inner council settled in advance what the League should do. He also declared that other nations discussed coming events in advance. But the very fact that he undertook offhand to tell Poland what it should or should not do in this matter of outlawing war is the clearest proof that he has an entirely mistaken idea of the role which he ought to play.

He is in a sense hardly to be blamed. From the beginning England and France have considered themselves the midwives to supervise the arrival and the early care of the League; any other nurses they have relegated to the outer chamber and they have declined to admit that anybody else stood on a parity with them. Now we hope that a new era has begun, but whether the revolt will go beyond expressions of opinion is yet to appear. Certainly Sir Austen could not deny what Premier Cielens of Latvia said, that since 1924 disarmament hopes have been sinking lower and lower; that Europe's military budget, with Germany almost eliminated, is $1,443,000,000, about *the same as in 1913*, while the standing armies of Europe total today 3,145,000, despite the disarming of the beaten powers. "We are living," he added, "in the condition of armed peace which preceded the World War."

Next the all-wise Tory statesman had to sit by and see the moral victory of the meeting go to Germany. Dr Stresemann has repeatedly given proof of the pacific intentions of the modern Germany—we have heard a foremost American diplomat declare that the German proposals which originated the Locarno agreements will be recognized a hundred years hence as one of the greatest moral advances, and one of the greatest acts of self-abnegation in the history of modern nations. Now Dr. Stresemann has pledged Germany to accept before the end of the month "the optional clause of the Hague Court statute providing for compulsory arbitration of disputes with other nations which have accepted it," which ought to be final evidence of the purpose of Germany to abandon once and for all the use of force in the settlement of international disputes. "We are most anxious," he said, "to be pioneers in achieving general peace, which is the ideal of the League"—the latter phrase, doubtless, for the benefit of Sir Austen. The optional clause he accepted reads as follows: "On behalf of [Germany] I recognize, in relation to any other member or state which accepts the same obligation, that is to say, on the sole condition of reciprocity jurisdiction of the Court as compulsory *ipso facto* and without special convention."

With whom will Germany enter into these contractual relations for compulsory arbitration in all possible disputes? Why, Austria, Belgium, Abyssinia, Brazil, Bulgaria, China, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, Norway, Holland, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, Uraguay, Haiti, and Lithuania. Does one find on this list the names of Great Britain and France? Emphatically one does not. M. Briand spoke magnificently for extension of the non-aggression pacts; said that Dr. Stresemann's "noble discourse came as a ray of light to dissipate the mist," and pledged France to "dedicate her every energy to perpetuate the Franco-German friendship and world peace." But he failed to pledge France to accept compulsory arbitration. Sir Austen? He informed the League that there were certain limits beyond which England would not go in accepting arbitration; that England placed the alliance of nations, known as the British Empire, above and beyond the League and that he would not further extend the Empire's commitments in defending smaller European states against aggression, which led the London *Daily News* to declare that his speech was "so singularly infelicitous that it seems to have alienated the good will of nearly every delegate in the conference." He did not aid matters by adding that in his belief no

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country can today possibly withstand an adverse moral judgment by the League against any of its policies. That is again merely playing cat and mouse with the League. The smaller nations are right in declaring that the League is disgraced by the failure to outlaw war, and their stand is worthy of the highest commendation. They deserve the praise of every adherent of the League for their fine course and for their effort to make the League a real parliament of the nations.

Debts of Justice: Unpaid

CITIZENS of average mental development are aware that courts of justice are not infallible, and that we have, inevitably, many innocent victims of erroneous convictions or detentions in criminal cases.

The outstanding grievance, however, is not that such injustices are committed (and more or less subconsciously recognized), but that America, with the exception of two States, has manifested an utter disregard for the plight of the victims. Professor Borchard of Yale University, points out that only California and Wisconsin have provided laws to indemnify the unfortunate victims of mistakes in the administration of criminal law. In other words, the state enjoys a virtual immunity from its own wrongdoings and blunders in criminal procedure.

Time and again innocent citizens are wronged by the state. Probably the most frequent abuse occurs through the activities of the police, whose arrests inevitably ensnare a high proportion of innocent people. Of most of these we hear nothing; it is only occasionally that we have such dramatic spectacles as the arrest of hundreds of citizens for displaying sympathy for Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston and other cities of the republic, and of Powers Hapgood imprisoned for forty-eight hours in a Boston psychopathic ward—as revealed later—with no justification whatever.

But these flagrant wrongs pale when compared with the experiences of people who have been erroneously convicted and condemned for crime. A decade ago the country stood aghast at the case of Andrew Toth, who was convicted of murder in Pennsylvania, sentenced to life imprisonment, and after having served twenty years was found absolutely innocent. It was left to the generosity of a private citizen, Andrew Carnegie, to do something for Toth, since the law of Pennsylvania made no provision for his relief and the State legislature refused to provide compensation.

England, too, witnessed a similar miscarriage of justice in the case of Adolph Beck, who was convicted for the crime of another man and imprisoned for seven years. Parliament, however, granted Beck a gratuity of 5,000 pounds; a further result was the establishment in that country of a Court of Criminal Appeal. Is it not time that America move to compensate such helpless sufferers?

Hitherto American public law has taken the position that the safeguarding of society by the prosecution of crimes against it is an attribute inherent in all government, and that the state cannot be held liable for errors made in exercising this sovereign power. As Professor Borchard explains, "whether the injury to the individual is accidental or intentional on the part of the state or on the part of the *judge* (except one of most inferior jurisdiction) the injured person is left without redress."

Our own government sanctions compensation to the individual when a special sacrifice is required of him for the public good. Where a citizen's property is condemned for public use our fundamental law prescribes that just compensation must be paid. We protect the citizen against the invasion of his property rights by eminent domain, but not against invasion of his personal rights by the administration of criminal law. The only difference seems to be that according to our prevailing political philosophy the property rights are regarded as more sacred. Those owning property have had more power and have spoken more convincingly for proper compensation.

We do not plead that the officers of the law be less active in their efforts to punish criminals; all duly accused persons must be prosecuted. But inevitably a proportion will be found innocent; some will be called upon for sacrifices—the loss of personal liberty, the loss of income, the loss of reputation. These sacrifices are imposed upon the citizens for the public good and, as Dean Wigmore says, "The public good has gained quite as much as it would have done when commerce was served by a railroad placed on land taken by force from that same man." Why should not the sacrifice be compensated?

Most European countries recognize the principle that society, rather than the individual, should bear the risk of error in the administration of criminal justice by statutes that provide for compensation of unjustly convicted persons. Nothing would do more to create respect for the courts than thus to make decent their treatment of the individual's personal rights.

Cheating at Solitaire

JEAN CALLIZO, an aviator of mixed French and Algerian parentage, who had been officially proclaimed as holder of the world's altitude record, forgot that gasoline motors do not function properly in very rarefied atmosphere unless they have been especially adapted to meet the unusual condition. Certain engineers connected with the company manufacturing the motor he used did, however, remember the fact, and they grew suspicious of his alleged feat. When he accepted their suggestion that he try to break the record again they hid a second barograph in the tail of his machine, and when he had descended it was discovered that there was a vast discrepancy between the instrument which he carried in the cockpit and the one of whose existence he had been unaware. Summoned before a jury impaneled by the Aero Club, he confessed to systematic and elaborately prepared faking. Not only had he drawn a line in invisible ink on the barograph sheet, which he developed while in flight, but he had even gone so far as to take so much of a poison, intended to counterfeit the effects of exhaustion, that he barely escaped wrecking his plane when he descended.

It is difficult to imagine the mental process which would lead a man to the perpetration of such a fraud from which he could hope to gain nothing except a renown which he would know to be meaningless. It is exactly like cheating at solitaire. And yet Callizo is not the only man who has ever been guilty of a similar madness. The ever-famous Dr. Cook aside, there is the recent case of the Viennese biologist Kammerer whose suicide was attributed to the fact that either he or one of his assistants had been proved guilty of faking the records of a scientific experiment which

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he made public, and there is also the more ancient one of John Payne Collier, a distinguished scholar, who forged additions to genuine documents relating to Shakespeare and thus threw into great confusion the very problems which he himself had striven to elucidate. In none of these cases was the guilty man *merely* a fraud. Even Dr. Cook had more than the average man's intrepidity as a traveler; even Callizo was at least a skilful pilot; and Collier had done scholarly work so sound that his forgeries could not wholly deprive him of renown. Kammerer, too, was a man of genuine attainments. In each case we have to do with a man who became gradually so obsessed with the idea of fame that he could, in a sort of dream, betray the very things to which he had devoted his life.

Callizo, so the reports say, only escaped a beating at the hands of his infuriated fellow aviators by slipping out a side door after he had made his confession, but it is difficult not to feel for him a sort of pity. With his records expunged, his pilot's license taken away, and himself expelled from the Aero Club, he presents the spectacle of a man who cared more for reputation than for anything else and who has had that reputation irrevocably destroyed. There is no possible explanation, no possible excuse, which will be accepted as affording the slightest palliation. "I'm finished," he said, and there are few men of whom that could be said in a sense more nearly absolute and eternal.

Mob-Murdered Aviators

IN their bloody and uncivilized day the ancient Romans gathered to watch human gladiators stab each other to death in the public arena. In our refined and enlightened scientific age millions of newspaper readers get their excitement by watching aviators plunge to death in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Since the World War, with the possible exception of the suspense of watching the clock move toward two doomed men's execution-hour, the newspaper public has had no more engrossing and delicious thrill. It loves it.

There is heroism in it. There is courage. But physical bravery is one of the cheapest of commodities in a nation molded by the iron code of sportsmanship; and there is not even bravery in buying editions to find out whether brave men have been found and saved. If men, of their own initiative, and for their own souls, wish to risk death in a lonely ocean, it seems to us their right to take that risk. To urge a law to ban stunt flights is one of the most ridiculous excrescences of a law-ridden age. But the twenty-five men and two women who have met death in connection with transoceanic flights this summer did not die simply because of a spontaneous upwelling within them of a determination to fly across the sea. They succumbed to a mass hysteria, to a newspaper ballyhoo, which made it almost impossible for a man, once he had announced his intention, to heed the dictates of common sense.

Givon, the French aviator, headed out toward the open Atlantic when the winds blew strong and the fog-banks closed in on him. He had the decent common sense to give up, for that time at least, an impossible attempt. He turned back—and the bloodthirsty mobs nearly lynched him. For his common sense he was branded a coward. Nungesser and Coli are heroes to the mob—and the stories are forgotten that government officials, wishing France to win the aviation honors first, sent them out with a false weather report. After all, the officials acted from "patriotic" motives; and why should not peace as well as war be permitted its quota of patriotic murders?

Byrd took the responsibility of waiting, and finally made his flight successfully; but it is not for his long wait that the public applauds him. Had he taken a wilder chance and been lost with his companions in the ocean that holds the secrets of Nungesser, of Redfern, of the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, of Bertaud and Hill and Payne and the rest, he would still be acclaimed as a hero. He is honored because he took the risk of death—and the public which adored the war in these lesser days finds its thrill, regardless of reasonableness, in the gladiatorial combat with the sea. Poor Charles Levine by this time probably wishes that he had never planned to make another record flight; but he knows the jibes that await him if he does not. If he should finally take passage on a sound, safe steamship the act would prove more real courage than his much vaunted adventure in taking his seat beside Clarence Chamberlin.

And the Dole flight. Of all examples of public readiness to send good men—and women—to death this was surely the most flagrant. An Hawaiian pineapple-planter offered a prize for a flight from California toward his pineapple fields. Everyone knew that the planes which started were unequipped with pontoons, and even that some of them showed engine defects before they started. But the ballyhoo was on. The public roared; impatient as it had been while Lindbergh and Chamberlin and Byrd waited for favoring winds, it was still more exigent in the Pacific. Despite the demand of aviation experts for delay it was announced that the flyers must start on a certain day. Pedlar and Knope and Frost and Scott, and Miss Doran, paid with their lives for that mad act; and Erwin and Eichwaldt died in a hopeless effort to search the seas by retracing in another plane the route that had killed those five. The United States Navy burned up 4,055,050 gallons of gasoline steaming back and forth across the silent Pacific hunting for at least an oil-spot to tell the story of their death. (There is a certain sardonic humor in the spectacle of the great ocean bulldogs equipped with the last devices for killing men by thousands, weaving their way across the ocean in the hope of saving one or two of these five. Probably the funds of the navy were never better spent.)

Now in a sudden fit of revulsion, this same mob public is demanding an end to stunt flights. At least says one stalwart friend of humanity, women must not be allowed to take such risks. Why not? If there is to be ballyhoo, why should not Thea Rasche, and Mildred Doran, and the sixty-two-year-old princess who stepped into fame as she mounted into her death-plane have their share of mob-glory? Women, who have won their right to votes and jobs, now demand an equal right to death and they should have it. If we are going to set in upon a wave of revulsion against unnecessary death, let us not confine it to one sex, or, indeed, to transoceanic flights. There is such a thing as a sense of proportion. Twenty-seven people have died in transoceanic flying this summer. The Great War cost ten million lives. But it is probably too much to hope that a little of the revulsion against stunt flights should be turned toward disarmament.

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

"'I SAID to her that if I could marry her I would, but that it was out of my power. I said that money was no object and that all I could do to make her happy and comfortable would be done.'

"'Very generous, I am sure,' said Holmes with a sneer."

I was pained to learn that Sherlock sneered. The quotation is from "The Problem of Thor Bridge," in the latest collection of detective tales by Conan Doyle. Some few years ago Mr. Doyle killed his detective and it is a pity that second thoughts roused him from eternal slumber. At last his creator has consigned the famous character to a fate worse than death. Sherlock Holmes has turned moral. He is ruined by reincarnation.

To be sure, even in the old days Holmes was invariably stalwart against the forces of crime. Short shrift he gave to murderers, bank robbers, and blackmailers. Yet he was, within reason, the disciple of personal liberty. Not all his own habits were good. Tobacco he used, and still uses, to excess, but the old familiar rallying cry of a master mind in periods of boredom has departed, and no longer shall we hear the imperative command: "Quick, Watson, the needle." When preachers complain of the new licentiousness which they think they find in fiction I shall remember back to the days of a rowdy Holmes, and I do regret the pressure of the modern magazine which has made it necessary for Conan Doyle to reform him.

It was entirely wrong for Neil Gibson, the Gold King, to suggest a relationship somewhat short of matrimony to Miss Grace Dunbar, the lady chiefly distressed by the problem of Thor Bridge. And it was most unwise for Mr. Holmes to employ narcotics at such times as he lacked the stimulation of a current mystery. However, it was very necessary that the great detective should possess a weakness, and among his virtues tolerance should loom up above all other peaks of rectitude. In my own youth, and to others in their formative years, Sherlock Holmes was a god. The best gods have imperfections, for in perfection there is no kindliness. No character in modern English fiction has attained as wide a fame as Sherlock Holmes, and it seems inevitable that his name must be known to Dr. Freud and all the Freudians of Vienna. How strange, then, is the fact that none of the textbooks analyze the curious case of Conan Doyle.

Of the author's early upbringing I know nothing, which is on the whole a help rather than a handicap, since it permits the amateur psychiatrist to speak freely. Accordingly, it is my guess that Sir Arthur did not like his father much and set about in later years to create one closer to the heart's desire. Sherlock Holmes is superbly the father image. His equipment consists of all wisdom, all courage, and all strength. No problem ever defied the wit of the big man in Baker Street. Men and women, heavy laden with perplexities, called at his door and found comfort. Even when death hissed all about them, Holmes needed no more than a few cigar ashes and, perhaps, some dry, caked mud, to find a pathway out of peril. Conan Doyle is himself a ruddy giant, and even so I hazard the opinion that he has found much in life to give him pause and panic. For his own purposes of relief he conjured up the helpful Holmes and it was a public benefaction to give this character to the world. Toward all of us who quaked and shivered when stairways creaked and strong winds blew, Holmes served as anti-bogey.

There is a tragic incompleteness in graven images. The ancient prohibition against these likenesses to be found in heaven, earth, and water still holds true. Anybody with a fair degree of imagination can make a god for himself and one eminently satisfactory for short hauls. But it is hard to cherish home-brew idols. So in those early days when Conan Doyle was fashioning the hero Holmes, the writer of detective fiction was already moving upon the first stage of a longer pilgrimage. If we had been wise enough we might have known that Sir Arthur was on his way to God. Most logically a belief in spiritism grows out of a faith and fondness for Sherlock Holmes. There is a wisdom in the psychology of that church which gives its members saints and martyrs as Indian clubs by means of which one may acquire a muscular Christianity capable of sustaining more weighty dogma.

I have no patience with those who sneer at Conan Doyle's preoccupation with mediums and ectoplasm. Once I heard him talk about his experiences with psychic phenomena and I was singularly unconvinced by his testimony. All I accepted was his sincerity. Still, it is no part of Sir Arthur's job to find a philosophy in which I may find peace and comfort. Since he has gained ease of mind for himself, and very likely for others, he would be a fool to drop the matter because of jibes from the side lines. Only one thing I hold against Conan Doyle. It is no kindly service which he performs in publicly exhibiting the bones of Sherlock Holmes. A gulf has been set up between the detective and his creator. Doyle has averted his face from the rooms in Baker Street. His mind is now engrossed with other themes which may be more important.

In this last work, "The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes," the famous deductor is no better than the muddlers from Scotland Yard. Feebly he moves to solve petty mysteries which would hardly perplex a precocious child. Again and again in these later chronicles I found myself at least two or three jumps ahead of Holmes and waiting for the poor old wheezer to keep pace with me. Save only in the problem concerning the murder at Thor Bridge did it seem to me that a spark of the old ingenuity remained. When Holmes at last discovered that the dead woman had actually murdered herself I was disposed to say: "Excellent, my dear Sherlock," for I had arrived at that same decision not more than half an hour previously.

If Conan Doyle continues to put a decrepit detective through his paces something should be done about it. Sherlock Holmes deserves a comfortable old age. Why not a pension? Those of us who love him are so numerous that we could readily afford to set him out to pasture. Possibly he might not be happy in rural quietude, and so we might agree to let him have a murder once a year just for his birthday.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Americans We Like

Mr. Babbitt, Meet Sinclair Lewis

By WILLIAM J. McNALLY

The first in a series of personality portraits.

"HELLO, George, you darned old son-of-a-gun! So you're Myra's husband, eh? Well, well! How are you, anyway? And how's Myra?"

"By golly, if it ain't Red Lewis himself in person! Put her there, ole timer. I've been wanting to know you ever since the little woman got that knock-down to you at that house party up in the north end of the State. Say, she talked a lot about you. Nuthin' else but. Gosh, say but I'm glad you ain't one of them long-haired literary guys. You know you look enough like a human being to be a brother Elk. Don't happen to be, do you? No? Well, anyway you're my kind. Yes, sir-ree. Put her there again, ole sorrel top, and have one on me."

It is in the foregoing not precisely austere or ascetic fashion that Sinclair Lewis and George F. Babbitt are wont to meet. On any number of occasions I have seen them thus come together.

Sinclair Lewis spent a good deal of 1926 back in his own Middle West. He was collecting material for a preacher novel as yet untitled, but destined to be known as "Elmer Gantry," and he was picking up his detail on the ground. After a spring sojourn in Kansas City, he came north to his home State, Minnesota, where, at Big Pelican Lake, he literally pitched tent for the summer. The summer place which he took was hidden away in the woods and, no doubt, appealed to him because of its seclusion. The seclusion which he enjoyed, however, was mostly theoretical.

It so happened that one of the smart summer hotels of the Northwest was situated on the other end of the lake. The gregarious Lewis could not, of course, do other than drop over to the hotel frequently, and, as a result, he was constantly coming in contact with the Twin City crowds which thronged it. That the Babbitts constituted a generous percentage of these crowds might all too readily be inferred. That they would know better than to disappoint Lewis by returning to the city without motoring over to call on him might also be regarded as too obviously inevitable to be worth the chronicling. Consequently there was no hour of day or night when he was safe from their irruptions. Their devotion to their lampooner was such that at times Lewis's literary headquarters might well have been described as "The Babbitts' Retreat."

I chanced to be up at Lewis's headquarters during a portion of the summer, and hence saw a good deal of him in his social relations with Babbitt. I must say that I was surprised to note how well they got on. It was not that Lewis sought Babbitt out; on the contrary, he had Babbitt thrust upon him. But, as soon as they got together, they appeared to team up spontaneously and heartily, on occasions even uproariously. In Lewis's nature there is the same broad streak of friendliness that there is in Babbitt's; or, to put the case differently, aloofness is as foreign to Lewis as it is to Babbitt. Both Lewis and Babbitt are alike in refusing to have anything to do with the formal "Mister," and Lewis is not one whit tardier in referring to Babbitt as "George" than Babbitt is in referring to Lewis as "Red."

At bottom Lewis no more dislikes the Babbitt of life than he dislikes the Babbitt of his own creation. True Babbitt's gabble sometimes infuriates him, but mostly it amuses him. Lewis and Babbitt have too much in common to be genuine enemies. Poles asunder though they be in outlook on life, in temperament they are blood brothers. Both are voluble and companionable; both are overflowing with cordiality; both are ready, on a second's notice, to "lead the gang" in a song or a cheer; both despise Greenwich Village, "arty" people, and effeminate men; both hate affectation, grand manners, and intellectual pretensions; both have a basic, instinctive, and thoroughly American distrust of foreigners; both are high-spirited, plain-spoken, impulsive, quick on the trigger, riotous, hilarious, and gay. Lewis, of course, is not wholly comfortable with Babbitt, particularly if he has to take him in long stretches. But they do get along famously during limited encounters, and, at any and all times, Lewis is far less uncomfortable with Babbitt than with the pale young man who confesses to a volume of privately printed verse and keeps the conversation exclusively confined to James Joyce, Carl Van Vechten, and George Meredith. In his innermost soul Lewis feels a real and unconquerable detestation for the latter, but there is no detestation in his soul for Babbitt.

II

With the Main Streeter, the situation is different. I chanced to be witness to at least one encounter between Main Street and the author of "Main Street," an adequate description of which would require nothing less than the trained talent of the newspaper sporting editor.

The time was July, 1926, the locale the summer hotel already referred to. A group of guests had gathered round the hotel piano. Lewis, tall, lean, in knickers, and red-headed, was, characteristically, master of ceremonies. Characteristically, too, he was having the group sing hymns. His repertory of hymns is inexhaustible, and he sings and leads them with a derisive gusto which is likely to keep the casual spectator continuously convulsed. When he had wearied of the hymns, he turned to the pianist, and asked him to play the Opus 39, Number 15, Brahms waltz. (Lewis is, or was at the time, devoted to this composition.) Lewis, the caricaturist, vanished the moment the opening bars were heard; and a new character, Lewis the rapt disciple of music, appeared in his stead.

At this point a late diner left his table and made himself a part of the group. He fixed his eye on Lewis and freely confided that he was from Crosby, Minnesota. Winning no response from the man intent on Brahms, he moved a step closer and added the more intimate information that he had once been in Sauk Center. Lewis, still

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engrossed, paid no attention to these geographical and autobiographical gratuities. The dauntless citizen from Crosby, however, was not to be ignored. Advancing directly to Lewis, he said: "Hey! Just because you wrote 'Main Street' you needn't think you're so damn much. I'm as good as you are any day."

And by the way of giving a subdued and modest emphasis to his subdued and modest statement, he caught Lewis with a powerful and well-directed left hook to the jaw.

In a second Lewis was on his feet. Brahms was forgotten. Literature was forgotten. Civilization was forgotten. What followed was strictly a personal affair between the red-head from Sauk Center and the tow-head from Crosby. Main Street and the author of "Main Street" were meeting—and without gloves. Lewis went after his assailant with a natural fighting vocabulary and a natural pair of fighting fists; the Manassa Mauler could not have waded into an opponent with a less complicated determination to kill than the red-head now waded into the tow-head.

III

Above all else, Lewis is a character. "Red" exactly expresses him. Beside him, Gene Tunney would seem academic. Lewis should have been an Elizabethan; he and Kit Marlowe would have had a congenial time of it in the swashbuckling tavern days when rowdies were illiterate and arguments were brawls. Lewis is so much of an anachronism to the twentieth century that his routine doings have become front-page copy. The belief has been fostered in certain quarters that he is a deliberate publicity seeker. This is very far from the truth. He happens to be the possessor of a vehement and eruptive temperament which he would like very much to control, but which he cannot control.

I once asked him why he didn't give up his wanderings and settle down permanently in Minnesota. His reply was illuminating.

"Oh," he said ruefully, "the city is just small enough, or village-minded enough, so that I'd be having outbreaks from time to time and offending everybody. And I'm tired of scrapping. All I want is peace and a few civilized companions and a quiet fireside."

And there one authentic side of the true Lewis spoke. Paradoxical as it may seem, he hates brawls, yet cannot keep out of them. And again, paradoxical as it may seem, with an unmatched talent for making enemies, he is the friendliest animal in the world.

With his talent for making enemies one would suppose that there would co-exist, inevitably, some capacity for sustained hatred. But nothing of the sort is to be found in him. There is little in life that he takes seriously, least of all, certainly, his feuds.

It is impossible to understand Lewis without understanding his grin. He always comes back to his grin. And that grin is the key to much of him. It is the grin of the small boy, and Lewis remains essentially, the small boy. He knows nothing, and never will know anything, about the language of diplomacy. He has to speak his mind out, whether that means ruffling susceptibilities, provoking riots and getting himself into pickles or not. He is like the small boy in his extraordinary naivete and candor. Every mother has lived in dread of her ingenuous young son who, if he is having a poor time at a party, informs his hostess succinctly that her party is "rotten." And, when she subsequently takes him to task for his remark, he never makes matters easy for her. "But it's the truth, mother," he insists. "It *was* a rotten party. Everybody thought so."

This is the explanation of Lewis's talent for making enemies. He has never outgrown his habit of blurting the truth out as he sees it. In sheer simplicity Lewis greatly resembles a certain well-known American whom he differs from in just about every other known respect, namely, Henry Ford. Both are alike in that they were born with stern inhibitions against being anything but themselves. That is the secret of both their incomparable publicity temperaments.

IV

I have spoken of Lewis as a friendly animal. That, too, exactly expresses him. He is as naturally friendly as a puppy. He has an exceptional capacity for liking people; and he warms up to them at once. His capacity for liking people far outruns his capacity for admiring them; and one constantly finds him liking people he has decided doubts about. Indeed it is difficult for him not to like people even when he knows that they are knaves, rascals, frauds, and bores. He likes them just as he likes his Babbitts and Gantrys. Now and then one hears of the author who can enjoy putting into a novel only characters he would admit to his drawing room. The oddity of Lewis is that he would open his doors to all his characters as readily as he opens his pages to them. He is as incapable of intellectual snobbery as he is of social, and as incapable of moral snobbery as he is of intellectual. At heart he is, and always will be, a vagabond.

Main Street is firm in its conviction that Lewis suffers from megalomania. Only Main Street does not phrase it that way. It insists tersely that he has "the swelled head." The rural press of Minnesota is full of such accusations. I must confess that I have never been able to understand precisely what was meant by "the swelled head"; but, if it means anything, I suppose it means entertaining an exaggerated notion of one's achievements and capabilities. I have met many individuals about whom this comment might, with justice, be made; yet Sinclair Lewis is certainly not one of them. Except when he has his war paint on, he is a person of infinite intellectual humility. I have never found that discussing his own success with him differed in the least from discussing it with any other keen-minded observer. He surveys his success with the utmost objectivity. He attributes the vogue of "Main Street" partly to fortunate "timing" (the period of disillusionment following the war being ideal for the appearance of a novel of disillusionment), partly to persistent newspaper columnist agitation, and partly to the

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provocative and bellicose mood in which it was written. He once remarked to me that if "Main Street" had been written with more poise and less temper it probably would never have been read outside the intellectual circles at all.

He does not, of his own initiative, refer to his books. He will talk about them freely, and even critically, if they are brought up by an understanding outsider; but he appears to prefer talking about books turned out by other hands. I do not believe that he has ever allowed himself to form any precise opinions as to the merits of his various novels. I think he distrusts his judgment when applied to his own works. I have the feeling that somebody whose judgment he respects—Mencken, for example—might easily persuade him that a given novel of his was either excellent or poor. Summer before last, for example, when the reviews of "Mantrap" were coming in, I could not form any conclusion as to what Lewis himself thought about the book. One morning he tossed across the breakfast table a sheaf of reviews which had just come in from England. He vouchsafed no remark, and shortly sauntered off to the tent where he wrote. The reviews, I discovered, were uniformly favorable. Throughout that day it seemed to me that Lewis was rather warm on "Mantrap." Several days later there came in a copy of the *American Mercury*, with Mencken's review of "Mantrap" a part of its contents. Mencken did not care for "Mantrap." I may have been mistaken, but it seemed to me that, in Lewis's mind, the stock of "Mantrap" suffered a sharp and immediate slump. Of this, however, I am sure: "Mantrap" was no pot-boiler. Lewis would not know how to put his tongue in his cheek and write solely for money. He might write from mistaken enthusiasm; he could not but write from enthusiasm.

"Arrowsmith," apparently, is his favorite among his own works. In the entire body of his writings the only passage I ever heard him admit to a shy weakness for was that description of the beginnings of the influenza plague which appeared in Chapter XXXI, which ran as follows:

> From Yunman in China, from the clattering bright bazaars, crept something invisible in the sun and vigilant by dark, creeping, sinister, ceaseless; creeping across the Himalayas down through walled market-places, across a desert, along hot yellow rivers, into an American missionary compound—creeping, silent, sure; and here and there on its way a man was black and stilled with plague.
>
> In Bombay a new dock-guard, unaware of things, spoke boisterously over his family rice of a strange new custom of the rats.
>
> The princes of the sewer, swift to dart and turn, had gone mad. They came out on the warehouse floor, ignoring the guard, springing up as though (the guard said merrily) they were trying to fly, and straightway falling dead. He had poked at them, but they did not move.
>
> Three days later that dock-guard died of the plague.

V

The name of Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, is associated by every critic in the country with at least two outstanding qualities, gusto and unique powers of mimicry. And no less are these qualities associated with Sinclair Lewis the individual by every friend of his who knows him at all intimately. He runs to mimicry as spontaneously as a monkey. The most frequent object of his mimicry is our old acquaintance, Babbitt.

"Now my idea of them radical literary fellows is this," he will begin with a positive air. "As I was sayin' just the other day—"

And with that he is on the loose. Having become Babbitt, one never knows how long he will stay Babbitt. He could, if need be, remain in character for hours. I remember a certain evening when, having transformed himself into Babbitt, he told us of having gone down to Washington to shake the President's hand. The particular Babbitt he had become had, it seems, once been a school-mate of "Cal's," and wished to renew the ancient acquaintance. The aimless and inconsecutive flow of dreadful platitudes, thick-witted observations, and ungrammatical philosophizings proved to be as diverting as it was torrential. The conclusion of the interminable narrative found Babbitt proudly displaying the hand which had shaken the hand of the man who had once shaken hands with "Cal"—it developed that Babbitt had never got to "Cal" himself at all—and informing his auditors that he had never had a more inspirational and educational trip. The sketch, which Lewis improvised as he went along, would have made a very respectable companion-piece to any of Ruth Draper's satirical sketches. It was characterized by the same voluminous detail and the same high spirits that one encounters in the Lewis novels. When Lewis begins Babbitudinizing, his difficulty is never that of finding words, but of preventing them from flooding him. He literally showers Babbitudes. He is less a rain than a downpour. Though he mimics Babbitt best, his mimicry is not confined to Babbitt. He mimics anybody; indeed, I do not know that I have ever met anyone who does a verbal cartoon more tellingly and with less effort.

In an earlier day, I used to wonder why Lewis did not prefer a quieter satirical method in his novels. When he is seen at close range, the answer is obvious enough. His temperament is such that he cannot travel other than "in high"; and he has no brakes. His embarrassment begins when he recalls that he is under the necessity of checking his furious pace and slowing down. He does not know how to slow down. Sheer momentum continues to sweep him forward long after he has reached the logical place to halt.

What makes him formidable in the literature of attack is this uncontrolled and uncontrollable drive. When he undertakes to attack something in his novels, one gets the impression of ocean waves piling up without stint or limit, inexhaustibly. Long after the rock has been washed away, the waves continue lashing, lashing, lashing—apparently unable to subside at all.

This is Lewis himself in conversation. Naturally irrepressible, he is simply unable to subside. Put him in a group, and he is likely not only to do most of the talking, but also to be the last survivor. In the long evenings up at Big Pelican Lake Lewis was regularly fresh, unwearied, and voluble after everyone else had gone reeling to bed. His vitality is astonishing. There is no wearing him down. Up at the lake he was not merely the last to turn in, but the first to appear at breakfast the following morning. Then, at the breakfast table, one was always sure to find him sparkling with energy and good humor and conversing at white heat throughout the remainder of the meal and, more frequently than not, throughout the remainder of the morning as well. "Elmer Gantry," at the time but a stack of sheets next the typewriter in the tent, had to submit to complete neglect every other day or so. Its author was

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regularly forsaking it for one of his long-distance conversations.

Though busy with "Elmer Gantry," Lewis did not talk about it much. Once in a while he would give Elmer's "Hallelujah" yell, an exercise which was always congenial to him (he has the natural temperament of the cheer leader), and now and then he would drop a remark about Sharon, who was just beginning to take on form and outline, and who had suddenly captivated him. His prevailing mood during the composition of "Gantry" was clearly that of an anti-evangelical evangelist; but when he reached Sharon it seemed as if the novelist had leaped at him from the rear and pinioned him, catching him, in a sense, unaware. Lewis, instead of being displeased with this turn, was delighted. The novelist in him, after all, is a force to be reckoned with. He recognized the danger that the evangelist in him might swamp the novelist altogether; and he was anxious that the novelist unseat the evangelist, seize the pen, and write as much of the book as possible. One reason why he was so ardently on the side of the novelist, I think, was because he felt that in this book the novelist was in unusual peril of being the under dog.

Certainly he had enough "religion" in his system and in his household to satisfy anybody. The Reverend Mr. Birkhead and Mrs. Birkhead, a charming couple from Kansas City, were living in the cottage, while Lewis himself was living in the tent a couple of hundred yards away. Both the cottage and the tent were littered with heavy, humorless religious tomes. Religious periodicals were coming in all the time. The only items in the newspapers which interested Lewis were stories relating to clergymen. The table conversation was filled with references to various Kansas City clergymen, Earl Blackmore, "Bill" Stidger, and so on, all of whom, of course, Lewis liked. One evening Father John, a Catholic priest from Sauk Center, came over to visit Lewis. Father John was one of Lewis's pet enthusiasms. On another evening Lewis motored over to Brainerd to hear Minnesota's leading fundamentalist and anti-evolutionist, the Reverend Dr. Riley, deliver a lecture. He had a chat with Dr. Riley afterwards and, needless to say, came back liking him extremely.

Contradictory Lewis unquestionably is. It is his contradictoriness, in no small measure, which makes him interesting as a character. Why should it infuriate him, for example, to hear the English gravely praise "Babbitt" as a perfect portrayal of American customs and manners? Yet infuriate him it does. He resents that pronouncement (when it comes from the other side of the water) as hotly as Babbitt himself. He resents it as hotly as he resents the antithetical pronouncement when it comes from this side of the water. And there you are. Find the consistency if you can. Ask Lewis to explain the inconsistency, and a boyish grin will lighten his countenance, and he will tell you to go to the devil. The answer naturally is that he is American to the core. It is quite all right for Americans to tell Americans of their faults; but he will take no censure of America, even by implication, from foreign sources.

There is still another respect in which Lewis is contradictory. In his belligerent moments he is quixotic; in his contemplative moments he has no admiration whatsoever for chivalry, which he considers futile. In his belligerent moments he is full of certainties; in his contemplative moments he has none at all. In his belligerent moments he cannot but be hortatory and evangelical; in his contemplative moments his contempt for evangelism knows no bounds. Catch him in his contemplative moments, and you are struck by the sensitiveness of his taste, the breadth of his outlook, and the razor-like sharpness of his intelligence. Catch him in his belligerent or sentimental moments, and you are amazed at his utter primitiveness. He is enthusiastically devoted to his few friends, and makes of friendship a lyric thing; yet his concept of friendship is essentially that of a tribal chieftain's.

Loyalty overshadows all else for Lewis; he could no more be heterodox in his view of Judas than Babbitt. He not only places a high evaluation upon loyalty, but upon militant loyalty. He likes the type of friend who is ready to avenge an insult to him with his fists. It is not enough to take loyalty for granted; he enjoys seeing it demonstrated spectacularly, even melodramatically. I suppose it is sufficient to say that he enjoys receiving the sort of friendship he is ready to give. Lewis himself belongs to the breed willing to submit to any inconvenience or to go to any lengths, no matter how extravagant, for his friends. He enters upon a friendship with the same abandon, the same gusto, and the same heartiness that he enters upon a novel. With his friends he is much more like the doughboy with his "buddies" than the citizen of the world with his companions. Yet, for all that, in his contemplative moments he is the poised philosopher, the citizen of the world complete. These contradictions are simply not to be explained; they are inherent in Lewis himself.

Lewis, in fine, is a distinctively American phenomenon. He is American in the sense that the flavor of him is unmistakably, unabashedly, inevitably, and inimitably American. Like Abraham Lincoln, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, and P. T. Barnum, he is simply not to be conceived of as a European. Prairie influences molded his personality; the tang of the prairie is to be felt in him still. Encounter him merely as a red-headed stranger in any international gathering, and he would be the first man in the group whose nationality you would feel certain about. "Mid-west America!" would be your immediate ejaculation. In this cosmopolitan nomad there is even a trace of the back-home American.

To my surprise, I discovered in him a good deal of sentiment for his home State. He has abused it and been abused by it; yet withal he retains a real affection for it. I doubt if it would be prudent for any Bostonian or Philadelphian to speak slightingly or superciliously of Minnesota in his presence; Lewis would as likely burst into a sheet of flame as not. Sensitive as a poet and rough as a lumberjack, ready to fight at the drop of the hat and yet quite as ready to give you the hat, part Gopher Prairieite and part cosmopolite, part boy and part seer, prankish, playful, outspoken, inconsistent, sentimental, militant, quixotic, and dynamic, a bundle of quivering nerves, a personality electric with interest in life, a bond-buying vagabond and a flag-hating flag-waver, a primitive ultra-modern, a pugilistic aesthete, and a crusader against crusading, even his enemies would have to admit that he was at least an unforgetable experience and an unsurpassable companion. Nature as a novelist was never in a more opulent or paradoxical creative mood than when she invented the torrid, rich, and variegated character of Sinclair Lewis, proletarian plutocrat, bourgeois gypsy, patriotic expatriate, unmannerly critic of manners, and loud-speaking champion of the subdued voice.

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A Year After Thoiry

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, August 19

NEARLY a year has passed since M. Briand's famous speech in the Assembly of the League of Nations after the admission of Germany into the League and his subsequent meeting with Dr. Stresemann at Thoiry. When one compares the hopes that were aroused a year ago with the distressing reality of the present situation, one is almost driven to despair. Not only has nothing been done during the last twelve months to realize the provisional agreement made at Thoiry, but there has been a distinct set-back to the policy inaugurated at Locarno—the policy of friendly cooperation between England, France, and Germany, on which the peace of Europe depends.

Yet the hopes of September, 1926, should not have been illusory, for they were based on solid grounds of reason. M. Briand returned from Geneva last year in triumph, confident of his ability to carry through the Thoiry policy, and his confidence seemed to be justified. He had the greater part both of the press and of the public in France on his side. The *Quotidien* declared that his policy must go through, even if it involved the downfall of the Poincaré Cabinet, and papers such as the *Petit Parisien* and the *Petit Journal*, with no pretension to be on the Left in politics, spoke of the early evacuation of the Rhineland as a settled thing. At that moment French public opinion was undoubtedly ready for evacuation and for unreserved reconciliation with Germany.

Not so, unfortunately, M. Briand's colleagues in the Cabinet, from whom he had by no means a cordial reception. He was accused of having exceeded his powers—for he had arranged the Thoiry meeting without consulting the Cabinet or even M. Poincaré—and of having committed himself to a policy dangerous to the security of France. Nevertheless, it was announced that there was "complete agreement" in the Government as to the policy to be pursued and that a committee of experts would at once be appointed to report on the suggestion made at Thoiry. No such committee was ever appointed and in fact the only policy on which the Government was agreed was that of adjourning the matter *sine die*. M. Briand lost a great opportunity which has never returned. Had he said that he would resign rather than consent to the indefinite postponement of his policy, he would have broken up the Government for, had he resigned, M. Poincaré would have resigned too. No doubt it was in accordance with M. Briand's temperament and habitual methods to yield rather than cause a ministerial crisis.

There was, however, another and perhaps a stronger motive for giving way. M. Briand knew that for the French public the franc is more important than reconciliation with Germany or the peace of Europe. Had he brought down the Government he would have become the destroyer of the Savior of the Franc and the wrecker of financial restoration, and the country would have turned against him. It was because M. Poincaré knew this, too, that he made the continuance of M. Briand in office a condition of the continued existence of the Government. I doubt whether even the *Quotidien*, in spite of its brave words immediately after Thoiry, would have supported M. Briand. It has certainly given him no support for a long time past. Indeed, since the first flush of enthusiasm faded away, he has had no effective support from the Radicals and Socialists, least of all from his Radical colleagues in the Cabinet. Both M. Herriot and M. Albert Sarraut were ready and even eager to take his place at the Quai d'Orsay and follow M. Poincaré's instructions. When it became evident that the Thoiry policy was indefinitely postponed, no paper of the Left, not even the *Populaire*, made any attempt to work up a campaign in its favor. *L'Humanité*, of course, did not, for the Communists were opposed to Locarno from the first on the absurd ground that it was directed against Russia and because they are apparently opposed on principle to any pact of peace between capitalist governments. In short, M. Briand is isolated.

Instead of strengthening his position, as he evidently hoped, time has weakened it. M. Poincaré has continued to use the menace that made M. Briand yield a year ago and he takes care not to proceed to the legal stabilization of the franc and thus end the state of uncertainty that makes his own position almost impregnable. Moreover, while M. Briand and his supporters have been inactive, the opponents of the Thoiry policy have been extremely active and have gradually undermined M. Briand's influence and revived fear and distrust of Germany by a skilful campaign. Nothing could more clearly show how completely M. Briand is paralyzed than the fact that he has not once this year been allowed to make a speech in Parliament on foreign policy, nor has there been a single parliamentary debate on foreign affairs. And both the Radicals and the Socialists have acquiesced in this muzzling of M. Briand and Parliament. The Socialists did, indeed, give notice of an interpellation on foreign policy in the Chamber at the end of the session and M. Poincaré agreed to a debate but, when M. Briand, who was in the country for his health, returned to Paris for the express purpose of replying to the interpellation, the Socialists withdrew it!

Such has been the conduct of those on whose support M. Briand might naturally have counted. Meanwhile M. Poincaré began at Bar-le-Duc a series of Sunday afternoon speeches on the wickedness of the Germans, raking up German "atrocities" and even pre-war incidents, and complaining that the German Government had not changed the name of an ancient warship called the Elsass. The worst was the speech at Lunéville, which led Dr. Stresemann to ask whether France was for the policy of the Ruhr or the policy of Locarno. His question remains to this day unanswered. Perhaps M. Briand might have answered it, had not the Socialists prevented him from speaking, as I have mentioned. The press of the Right began a campaign on the menace of German armaments and the imminent danger of a German attack, obviously inspired by the General Staff to prevent the evacuation of the Rhineland or even a reduction of the occupying forces. The campaign culminated in a three-column article in the *Echo de Paris* on August 16 in which the occupation of the Rhineland was declared to be the only guarantee of French security, which

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implies that it must be permanent, Germany was represented as being on the point of attacking France, any reduction of the occupying forces was opposed, and Sir Austen Chamberlain was accused of having sent a note on the question of reduction so offensive in tone that M. Briand dared not read it to the Cabinet.

The net result of all this is that M. Briand goes to Geneva a year after Thoiry discredited and without authority or prestige. It amazes me that he has the face to go at all and it would not surprise me if he resigned when he came back. It would be the course most consistent with his dignity. M. Henry de Jouvenel of the Senate and the *Matin* has given him a parting kick. There is considerable force in the official reason that M. de Jouvenel gave for resigning from the French delegation. It is true, as he says, that the most important questions concerning European peace, beginning with the Corfu affair, have been withheld from the League of Nations. Because it is true, M. Briand's reply was very weak, but he was justified in remarking that M. de Jouvenel had taken a long time to find out that the League was being set aside, for he was already a member of the French delegation at the time of the Corfu affair of four years ago. In his explanatory article in the *Matin*, however, M. de Jouvenel let the black cat out of the bag. He wants France once more to be the center of the "little nations," that is, he is for the military alliances with Poland and the rest against the policy of Locarno. Two months ago M. de Jouvenel declared in an interview given to the *Vossische Zeitung* that the Pact of Locarno was insufficient and further guarantees were required. He suggested that the Powers should return to Locarno to make a new pact, which should include "at least" a British guarantee of the present Polish frontiers.

It is sometimes said that M. Poincaré is not really opposed to the Thoiry policy—that is, to the evacuation of the Rhineland—that he is merely waiting until America is willing to buy the German railway securities, and that depends on the ratification by France of the debt agreement, which in its turn depends on stabilization. In that case, why does not M. Poincaré stabilize, as both the financial and the industrial interests in France now desire? It is a more probable hypothesis that one of his reasons for postponing legal stabilization is a desire to postpone the consequences mentioned. But the realization of the German railway securities was not an essential part of the Thoiry policy. It was probably suggested merely because M. Briand wished to have some *quid pro quo* to induce his colleagues to agree to the evacuation of the Rhineland. The essence of the Thoiry policy was the recognition of the evacuation as the logical consequence of Locarno, which morally bound the occupying Powers to withdraw.

M. Poincaré proposes to continue it as a guarantee of reparations, that is, of the fulfilment of Germany's obligations under the Dawes Plan. He foresees that the Dawes Plan will break down, either because it will be found impossible to transfer the payments, or because Germany defaults, and in either case he intends to use the occupation of the Rhineland as a means of bringing pressure on Germany to make a new arrangement. That this is his policy is certain, and he will never agree to evacuation before the fate of the Dawes Plan is known, which is to say that he is opposed to the Thoiry policy.

China Tests Our Religion

By HARRY F. WARD

MOST of the current discussion concerning the nature and worth of our religion has about it an air of unreality. It is of the same pattern as the Moscow talk about the condition and survival value of capitalism before the Communist dialecticians became realistic enough to appraise the economic phenomena of Europe, and so to recognize a period of stabilization for the system whose collapse they expect to hasten. In the case of religion the most significant body of data for determining its place and part in the future life of man is to be found from now on in Asia and in Russia. In this vast human laboratory, China is for the moment the most vital spot. It has suddenly become a great test tube in which the religion of the West, like its statecraft and its economics, is being subjected to an analysis the like of which it has never before undergone.

This process is now being hastened by the lighting of the fires of persecution, and in their lambent heat the various elements of our religion, and their comparative vitality, begin to appear. The Nanking affair, and a few similar minor incidents, brought to completion the revealing work of the anti-Christian movement. Here was the first touch of persecution felt by Western Christianity since the Boxer uprising; for its officials, under lay influence, declined the challenge of the anti-religious movement in Russia and of the Soviet laws against religious education. In that case it was inevitable that economic fear should outvote religious courage. When a religion has reached the prudential stage, when its conserving tendencies have outgrown its creative capacity, it naturally looks for its growth more to the money of the millionaires than to the blood of the martyrs, and one need not go to China for a germination test of that variety of seed. Its capacity for developing religion can be seen in plenty of cases nearer home, where it has not been mixed, as it has abroad, with the more vital sacrificial gifts of those of small income.

In the China test, the reaction of the mission boards at home, whose main task is financing the enterprise, is of course to be distinguished from that of missionaries in the field. The headquarters attitude necessarily expresses the institutionalist stage and type of religion when the adventurous spirit of the early days of poverty has given place to the sober judgments of vested interests. To these, already strained by lessening contributions, anti-foreignism in China is a calamitous burden, not a joyous test. It means that evacuated missionaries must be transported and maintained, that property must be replaced or restored, that the question of indemnity must be faced—shall it be accepted officially, for property if not for life; shall individuals be forbidden, encouraged, or left free to claim it? Manifestly, in this stage of an organization, we cannot expect the singing courage with which the I. W. W. leave the courtrooms of California on their way to jail, or the joyous abandon of

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Left Wingers on the picket line at Passaic, any more than we can find these things at A. F. of L. headquarters. It is the perennial problem of human organization—how to prevent the hardening of the arteries that age brings also to institutions, how to preserve the virility of the dogmatic propagandist without his intolerant gyrations. Will it in the end be done through the discipline of the experimental attitude developed by science, or is there also needed that indefinable element of passion for the universal and continuing welfare of humanity that links man with the infinite?

Among the missionaries in China there appear two diverse reactions to the loss of possessions and the danger of death. One is the historic spirit of the martyr, soberly rejoicing in persecution as a test of faith, forgiving the persecutors with tolerant goodwill. This attitude is real enough to impress tough-minded, twentieth-century newspaper men with its value for the adjustment of distorted human relationships, even as long ago it made its dent on hardened Roman centurions. Another group shows the opposite reaction. Here one finds the spirit of retaliation, conventionally cloaked in the demand for justice. Punishment of wrongdoers is necessary to prevent repetition. Mad dogs are a common menace and must be destroyed—the old bromides! Naturally this group became the tool of the commercial interventionists of Shanghai, who desperately needed missionary support for their program, and whose journalistic mouthpieces gleefully cabled home long interviews from the few they could find and get to talk on the theme that missions must be reinstated and temporarily protected by armed force.

The clear consequence of this attitude reveals its nature. Denying the essential and universal elements in its own gospel it could not propagate itself. But those who by nature and training had failed to see and understand these elements could not be expected to perceive that their position was playing into the hands of the anti-Christian movement, whose chief charge was the association of Western religion with the spirit and methods of imperialism. Nor could they see the effect of their attitude upon their Chinese converts and colleagues. "Their talk," said a very influential Christian Chinese, "makes some of us wonder if we have not made a mistake in accepting Christianity from the hands of Western Christians." The more serious thing is that the attitude of such missionaries is indistinguishable from that of the commercial interventionists. They talk the same language, except that the men of the cloth draw back from the logic of their position and persuade themselves that to smash Hankow would not mean intervention.

This sort of religion is thus revealed as a special interest, requiring the same methods as other special interests for its protection, and as the price therefore providing them with its emotional dynamic and its rationalizing justification. In the end, then, it must take a subordinate place to nationalism and money-making, which are left in supreme command of the energies of man. Instead of supplying these forces with ethical guidance, this type of religion takes its ethics from them. It even blesses their union, whose offspring is competitive economic imperialism, and so becomes accomplice in the mutual destruction of mankind. How much of what we call Christianity is of this sort, and how much of it is the indestructible spirit of goodwill getting itself organized in all human affairs, China is helping us to find out. And the outcome is not only pertinent to the rationalist and his quarrel with religion, it is also very vital to the future of mankind, for one of these varieties of religion can make alliance with science for the transformation of human life, the other cannot.

Further light is thrown on this question by the attitude of missionaries toward evacuation. In most cases they went or stayed by the word of consuls rather than the judgment of missionary administrators. The tendency of religious executives, since the World War, is to let the state take command. Submission has become a habit. Democracy, having freed the state from the domination of the church, is now apparently on the way to harness the church to the triumphal chariot of the state. Some time since, when some missionaries in China informed our minister that they desired no protection from our government, they were answered officially that they would get it whether or no. And the mission boards took this lying down, though most of the missionaries are beyond the reach of protective measures and the value of the principle to the government is obviously elsewhere. In the present emergency, not a few missionaries put the authority of their staying where they had found the call of their going, in the needs of the Chinese. This for them, voiced by the Chinese themselves, was the expression of the God they must obey rather than men. For the others, more conventionally minded, in localities where the consul guessed wrong and no danger developed, what propagating power will their religion now have, or what solidarity with their Chinese colleagues?

When a religious journal spoke of a gold-star list for those missionaries who ignored both consular "advice" and ecclesiastical instructions to leave their posts, some who had left protested another consideration than endangering their Chinese fellow-Christians. They were not willing to provoke a situation in which some of their fellow-citizens might be called to risk life in their behalf. Here they voiced the common human interest against the claims of that enslaving mechanism we call the state. For the man in the street refused to get excited over the danger of missionaries in China. He assumed that which his government denied, that they had gone at their own risk and did not expect him to do anything about it. Hence it is clear that if missionary organizations will follow the lead of their front-line forces, if they will formally reject the protection of the state and ignore its orders, if they will deny its specious claim to protect missionaries against their will, they will thereby help to save other citizens from being disposed of by the state in behalf of certain underlying interests. Thereby they would demonstrate a more vital religion than either nationalism or money-making.

The answer that China is writing to the current questions concerning the nature and vitality of our religion can only be recognized if we remember that what we call Christianity is a conglomerate of various and often irreconcilable elements, running all the way from Holy Rollers to Unitarian Brahmins, from Aimee McPherson to Bishop Manning. Crossing all these divisions of sects—which express the externalities and eccentricities of religion—there are also differences of type that express its various essential elements. Of these types, two classifications have recently been suggested. One divides our current religious organizations into the imperialistic and the democratic—the former depending upon and developing authority, the other resting on and encouraging the process of mutual

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consent. The other classification finds three types of religion among us: the dogmatic, emphasizing doctrine and creed; the institutional, busying itself with religious machinery and good works; the experimental, whose approach is scientific, whose expression is ethical. These types coexist in various proportions in the big middle-class American denominations, and they probably always will, for people belong to them by temperament as well as by training. The proportion, however, can be changed by cultivation, and if this is to be done it must needs be on the basis of the universal and permanent values present or lacking in each type. Here again China is testing, for we have done more missionary work there than anywhere else, and more than has been done in any other one country by anybody else. Also this testing has some bearing upon the future of Judaism, since the differences between Orthodox, Reformed and Ethical Culture Jews correspond roughly to the differences between certain types of Christians.

Obviously the imperialistic and democratic types of missionaries in China reacted to persecution and orders to evacuate according to their name and nature. Those whose motive and method had been to impose something on or hand something down to the Chinese, who had resisted or reluctantly accepted the transfer of authority in their institutions to Chinese colleagues, who had opposed or misunderstood the Nationalist movement because it challenged their own governments, inevitably revealed in the crisis that their religion belonged to an earlier period than the spirit of goodwill in whose name they were commissioned. They reacted in the spirit of force. With them were most of the dogmatists, though some of these stayed at their posts from the sheer power of long-continued human associations, and for the same reason showed no bitterness or resentment. The institutionalists split more evenly, depending upon their degree of social passion and upon whether or not they were pacifists. The experimentalists and the democrats, seeking with the Chinese a mutual discovery as well as a sharing of the nature and meaning of religion, naturally manifested the spirit of goodwill in the emergency. They were solidly against intervention, partly on the ground of ethical principle, which possesses for them religious value and authority; partly on the ground of an intelligent provision of consequences. On both counts they were on common ground with the Chinese.

Thus it is more true than most mission executives know when they say it that China now represents the end of an era in the expansion of our religion. For them it means that Christianity in China is to become autonomous and to incorporate indigenous elements. But this means certain changes in its nature, which are also in process elsewhere. The imperialistic type henceforth can hold but a minority position. The dogmatic type goes the same way. China and the rest of Asia will finish what science has begun. As one of her leaders, himself a Christian, said: "We Chinese simply cannot understand the furore in your country over such questions as the Virgin Birth."

For a time China is likely, because of her practical turn, to cultivate the institutionalist type of religion too heavily. In the stress of present circumstance it will be strongly nationalistic, thus repeating a lot of history. But once free from the West, China will have to face the same test it has put to the West, the test of whether religion is only what it has mostly been—a sanction for local, particular, and private interests, or whether it possesses values that are indispensable to the common development. The answer to this question lies not in the field of dialectic. It will be demonstrated, one way or the other, by the experimental type of religionist, and for this type the Chinese have affinity. To it they will add the test of their deep-seated rationalism, their long-established ethical bent.

A Conference with Governor Fuller

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

FRANK WALSH, Francis Fisher Kane, and I attended at the Executive Chamber. Mr. Sullivan, His Excellency's hard-boiled secretary, was apparently not greatly cheered by our visit, but after a time we were ushered into the presence of Governor Fuller, clothed on that day, August 22, 1927, with the power of a god—the power of life and death.

We explained our mission—that we were for the moment interested in just the one phase of the case of Sacco and Vanzetti—that relating to the government files, which the federal officials had offered to open. Disclaiming any contention that the files showed a frame-up or improper collusion between departments of government, we pointed out that on the basis of affidavits of former government agents, the evidence therein contained was material to the case. We appealed that the men should not be put to death while these files remained secret. What answer would there be to a large and sincere public opinion which felt that this secrecy in itself was evidence of connivance by the federal government?

"Do you think these men are innocent?" inquired the Governor.

"We wouldn't be here if we didn't."

"Have you interviewed the witnesses? I have. Presumably I know more about the case than you do."

We refrained from pointing out that he had believed one set of witnesses rather than another, and that in view of his background and his attitude expressed in Congress toward radicals, his choice of where to place his confidence was natural. Instead we answered that the report of the Lowell committee appointed by him had effectively contributed to the "doubts" and, in admitting the "grave breach of official decorum" and the "indiscretions" of Judge Thayer, had made clear that the trial had not been before an "impartial" judge as guaranteed by the Massachusetts Bill of Rights. Later, Frank Walsh made the query: Did the Lowell committee believe the witnesses who testified that Judge Thayer had called these men "anarchist bastards" and other vile names; did Thayer confess, or on the other hand had he denied the accusations, the committee regarding his denials as lies? An important question, for one or the other must have happened in view of the committee's report! Did Judge Thayer confess or did he lie? The Governor ignored the question.

"If the Lowell committee report made the strongest possible case against these men," we continued, "it is not surprising that there should be doubt?"

"Who said it made the strongest case?" said the Governor.

"They owed it to the public to state all the facts that led to their conclusion, so presumably they did."

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"Do you know why Vanzetti failed to take the stand in the Plymouth case?"

Apparently this had great significance to the Governor. He had referred to it in his report, and in view of his constant reference it seemed a controlling circumstance, for the question, so I am informed, was put to many who conferred with him that day. What was at the bottom of it?

"Presumably he was advised not to take the stand."

"Perhaps he refused to take the stand." (Did the Governor have private information of conferences of Vanzetti with his former counsel? If so, where did he get it? We knew merely that Vanzetti had for years claimed that counsel in the Plymouth case had betrayed his interests at the trial and had advised him not to testify.) "Isn't it your experience that an innocent man insists upon taking the stand?"

"There may be many reasons, Governor, why a man should not. Advice against it is often sound, particularly with the defendant a foreigner and holding unpopular views. See what happened to them in the other case when they did. They seem to be damned if they do and damned if they don't."

The philosophy of protecting a defendant who fails to testify is so apparent that, under the law, no man is required to take the stand, and the jury is instructed that failure to testify may not even be considered as an indication of guilt.

"But, Governor, we are entitled to rely on the Lowell report. We wish to refer to just one statement in that report. One of the alleged facts on which the committee came to its conclusion was that the cap found at the scene of the murder fitted Sacco. The Defense Committee denies this. On this point there were three witnesses at the trial. First, Sacco, who testified it was not his cap. When it was tried on it was apparently far too small, sitting on the back of his head, as is shown by newspaper cartoons at the time. Secondly, Mrs. Sacco, who said it was not her husband's cap, and then the superintendent of the factory, who said he thought it was of the color of Sacco's cap, but refused to identify it. Governor, this question can be factually determined. Before you kill Sacco, try on the cap! What answer can there be to this? Have you read the editorial of the New York *World*, analyzing the report and quoting the evidence on this?"

"Who wrote that editorial?" asked the Governor. We gave our opinion that presumably the writer was Walter Lippmann, but we knew that the Governor attributed it to Felix Frankfurter, though we wondered why this should affect the soundness of the argument.

Contempt for former officials who would relate "secrets" in the files of the government; an assurance that the United States government, even in the days of the notorious Mitchell Palmer, could do no wrong; reliance upon the failure of Vanzetti to take the stand as an indication of guilt, leaving an inference that there was a sinister attack of innuendo by Vanzetti's former lawyer; and animus toward Felix Frankfurter, as one whose fight for these men in his book on Sacco and Vanzetti had caused the public excitement, were apparently working in the Governor's subconscious.

The point of our conference had been diverted but as we left we again made our appeal that the government files be opened. Then our last thought to the Governor: "Only an infallible judge should fix an immutable sentence."

In the Driftway

THE Drifter had for years had a completely erroneous impression that the blacksmith was obsolete. But he found one the other day, and he was very much alive. Moreover, he went straight to the heart of the matter by asking the Drifter if he knew that there were a lot of people in the world—especially garage keepers—who couldn't get along very well without a blacksmith. "He's just as important now as he was when King Solomon built his temple. After that temple was built old Solomon held a contest to find out which worker was the most instrumental in building it. At first there were thousands of contestants but gradually all of them were eliminated except the blacksmith and the tailor. That tailor was so glad over the result that he jumped up and down for joy—and his scissors fell out of his pocket and broke. Then he *was* mad, because he had to go to the blacksmith to get them fixed and that eliminated him from the race. He got madder and madder, so when he got his scissors back from the blacksmith he just stooped down and snipped that blacksmith's apron right up the middle. And that's why every blacksmith's apron since then is split up the middle. You never saw one that wasn't, now did you?"

* * * * *

THE Drifter admitted he hadn't and the irrepressible blacksmith told him another. "You know that finding a horseshoe is lucky, don't you? But do you know why it's lucky? No? . . . Once upon a time, so the legend says, a horse walked into the shop of an old German blacksmith and said he wanted shoes on all four feet. Now the old German had never heard a horse talk before and he was scared to death, and kind of suspicious. He said he wouldn't do it. 'All right,' said the horse, 'I'll kick down your shop.' He had a mean look in his eye and the blacksmith thought he meant what he said, so he finally consented to make shoes for him. When he lifted the forefoot, he found that all his suspicions were right. It had a cloven hoof. And so did all the other feet. It was the devil all right, and the old German knew it. He decided to fix that devil good and proper. He put the shoes on hot, turned the nails the wrong way and drove them into the hoof. He finished his job and the horse, or rather, the devil, paid him and walked out. Then the horse had trouble. His feet hurt him something awful. At last he couldn't stand it any longer so he took them off and left them in the road. Well, the devil has never liked horsehoes since then and whenever he sees one he'll go a long way off his course to keep from getting anywhere near it."

* * * * *

FALL came in the day after Labor Day. The Drifter met it on an early morning walk along the Hudson. The sun had not quite penetrated the autumn haze. The river was shrouded in mist and the blue hills beyond seemed hardly more substantial. The concrete road was still wet with dew and quietness lay about like sleeping children. Raucous signs put out to catch summer traffic were no longer offensive, for now their days were numbered. "Try our coffee with hot franks," "Rooms for tourists with running water," "Sanitary rest rooms ahead,"—only tired summer resorts murmuring in their sleep. . . . Thin sunlight on brown grass, dusk on an autumn river, and the Drifter feels school starting, and turns up his coat collar.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Hail, Heywood Broun!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I hail with pleasure your announcement that beginning some time in September Mr. Heywood Broun will contribute a page in *The Nation* every week. Indeed, for a writer of Mr. Broun's known liberal tendencies the logical place was always in the columns of the fearless *Nation*. With the assurance of complete freedom of expression, I hope Mr. Broun will continue to write in the vein of his last article in the *World*—I mean the one which sent such a cold shudder down the back of Mr. Ralph Pulitzer.

New York, September 5 Chas. Bitterbaum

From the Other Boston

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You rose to the height of a great argument in your leader on the dreadful deed. You wrote truly, adequately to the occasion.

This is not the time for detailed observation, but one thing is sure that after we have picked ourselves together we must pertinaciously, each in his own way, carry out the duty on behalf of the ancient claims of freedom and justice and reason which this happening lays upon us.

Boston, August 31 Thomas L. Lawrence

Who Plants Bombs?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In 1885 in Coffeyville, Kansas, a bomb was exploded with baneful result. The machine officials (Republicans) charged it to the newly organized Farmer's Alliance, claiming it was a terroristic organization, etc. Later it was found the bomb had been sent by express by a member of the Republican machine. A year later there was a similar happening near Lincoln, Nebraska. Traced, it gave a similar result. Then came the Haymarket hanging in Chicago. In the early nineties a bomb was found planted under the front porch of William J. Strange, Paterson, N. J. Mr. Strange was president of the Silk Manufacturing Association and was trying to defeat the silk workers then on strike. It later developed that the policeman who found the bomb was the man who placed it there.

I believe the bombing of the juror's home did have a very bad effect upon the Sacco and Vanzetti case, but do not believe it was the work of any radical. I believe it was done precisely for this evil effect.

Fairhope, Ala., September 5 G. S. Hoffecker

On Reading the Sunday Newspapers: 1927

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Sacco's face, with its husks of nostrils, hollowed by a febrile wind of sorrow, is a thin mask of bitterness: the mold of a creature very young, who was killed (but for a dramatic gesture left) seven years ago.

Vanzetti's gaze has more substantial bulk. (Man was never made to think.) Yet he, also, deep in that hardy aversion to despair, peering, wondering mildly, saw a little of that final thing. Maybe he even guessed that Judge Thayer, older, held the last dry remnants of life's fading splendor very preciously.

In the churches, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians pray cautiously for that small comfort which endures between the involuntary, naked hour of birth and avaricious moments of the dying. Fear justifies all. (Death, to the gods, is insignificant.) Fathers, mothers, children pray around the lamp on Sunday, praying no bomb ever will shatter *this* wall, and the new victrola and Mabel's radio. (In the last war, Germans finished Molly's husband—left her destitute.)

None are afraid enough. Not one believes in the six feet of darkness already marked for each. Not one believes that the slow, glittering sunshine will spin blank days, weeks, and centuries where none recall how Judge Thayer once convicted two Italian laborers on evidence that many counted insufficient. Even that "gentle rain from heaven" will rain with but indifferent quality on wastes where every vanity has scattered, and breeds rank corn to feed some savage who, not puffed up with the conceit of justice, slays his bolder victims boldly: convinced, utterly, that all he says and does is right.

New York, August 31 Evelyn Scott

A Negro Looks at Sacco's America

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your splendid article, Massachusetts the Murderer, is a stinging and manly rebuke to the powers that be who are responsible for the murder of Sacco and Vanzetti. Every sentence will help to destroy the naive idea which many Americans have that this is the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Of course this is no new thing; Negroes have been lynched, burned, and murdered both North and South ever since the Civil War. America is a land of oppression, murder, lynching, and crude civilization. Nowhere, so far as I know, are police so ignorant, arrogant, crude, and uncivil as in America. For my own part I have long since lost faith in America to lead the world in anything except mob rule, murder, race prejudice, and oppression.

New York, Sept. 1 Thomas L. Dabney,
Organizer, American Negro Labor Congress

Among the Teachers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What indifference among the summer-school teachers concerning the Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy! I refer especially to the historians. They tell their classes about the Dreyfus case —how an innocent man was hounded for years despite the protest of millions, and if they know post-war revelations, they add that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Gabriel Hanotaux, received a protest from Count Muenster, the German ambassador, completely exonerating Dreyfus, but Hanotaux put that in the files of the Foreign Office without breathing a word of it. The American teacher of history has learned too much from the war. He (or she) believes that the authorities must be supported. How often did I not hear: "Well, Fuller and his committee know more about this than I. So I'll stand by Fuller."

Aside from that there seemed to be complete ignorance and indifference. What superb detachment these historians have achieved! They wax eloquent denouncing the persecution of the Christians or the cruelties of the Inquisition; they never tire of pointing out the devious paths trod by Bismarck, Cavour, and perhaps Hanotaux. But the Sacco-Vanzetti case has not yet reached the textbooks. So they need not worry about "monstrous injustice" or "secret files of the government." After all, they *teach* history. They refuse to help *make* it.

What seems to be a live issue among the historians is the fight on your valued reviewer, Harry Elmer Barnes. The tories of the American Historical Association never will forgive him. In their magazine, the *American Historical Review*, Barnes is spanked again and again. Well, the naughty boy deserves it! Why can't he let pedants be pedants?

A splendid example of the tory attitude came to my atten-

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tion this summer. The class was one in modern history and the instructor an old member of the A. H. A. When he got to the war he stopped to excommunicate Barnes. "Mr. Barnes has no standing at all in the historical world. He's a sociologist. Besides, as a friend of mine says, Mr. Barnes writes history so fast that I cannot keep up with him." Well, what should the class read? Oh, to be sure, read Hazen (here I gasped involuntarily, which brought the addition: even if he is a bit biased). Then there is Gooch (an excellent book in its day, but now surely much out of date), and Poincaré, Haldane, Loreburn, Grey, Lord Fisher, Asquith, Bernadotte Schmitt (whose "England and Germany" was published during the war and is much behind the revelations of the last decade) and Sidney Fay's articles in the A. H. R. of 1920 and 1921.

I think I begin to see the light. Barnes is excommunicated because so many "cannot keep up with him."

New York, August 21 CHEZ COLUMBIA

Vrai Bon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Mr. Krutch, the reviewer of my novel "The Delectable Mountains," says "there is never any necessity for reading between the lines" and refers to an "illegitimate" baby, I am forced to wonder if, as so often is the case in a reviewed book, he did not also fail to read the lines themselves? The baby was legitimatized by bell, book, and candle and the first three hundred pages or so of the book were devoted principally to that legitimatizing.

And what does Mr. Krutch mean by "a commonplace plot," and what has that got to do with the value of a novel? Was there ever a first-class novel the plot of which wasn't commonplace? I am not implying that "The Delectable Mountains" comes in this category, I am asking a generic question. According to my humble opinion the moment a writer tries to attract attention by so-called newness, of which in this world there is no such thing, he immediately takes his mind off the only two things that make a novel important: characterization and comment. As for myself, I have never read an important novel in which its creator did not treat almost with contempt this newness and this commonplaceness. He hasn't time to bring babies into the world in some curious and gymnastic way. Also he accepts the fact that having babies has been a commonplace practice of humanity for a long while, none the less frequently earth-shaking to the individuals concerned even if it is an ancient rite and even if the motion pictures have discovered that it happens. I think that just at present American criticism is almost invalidated by the idea that the *vrai bon*, as Mr. Krutch calls it, consists entirely of being so original on the surface that what's inside of you isn't original at all. I put this down to the fact that so many books are published that the reactions of the average reviewer are numbed. But I am surprised where Mr. Krutch concerned. I call his attention to a great many books, recently published, where this strange belief that a hand-spring is also a heart-beat is evident in the accruing criticism. I have just finished one such book in which the whole action takes place in twenty-four hours. Up to that fact—the initial fact—the book is amusing, but beyond that fact it isn't, because what takes place in that twenty-four hours, as I see it, is neither true nor interesting.

The *vrai bon* is trying to get at the truth; the *faux bon* is deliberately evading it. If I try to get at it in what Mr. Krutch considers a commonplace way that is because what seems to him commonplace does not seem so to me. But to speak of an honest man as having written a "popular and deceptive alloy" is to enter upon a moral field in which, if I may say so, Mr. Krutch knows enough neither about myself nor about my work to pass a judgment.

STRUTHERS BURT

Moose, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, August 12

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Books and Plays

Professor McMaster Continues

A History of the People of the United States During Lincoln's Administration. By John Bach McMaster. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

THE eight volumes of Professor McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" stop at the eve of the Civil War. The present volume, although announced as an independent work, continues the story through the Lincoln administration and into that of Johnson, and may in fact be regarded as the final instalment of the great undertaking to which Professor McMaster has devoted his life.

To any one who knows Professor McMaster's method and literary style, this account of the Civil War period will offer no novelty. The same wealth of illustrative, if not always typical, fact drawn particularly from newspapers, the same reliance upon a few documentary sources (in this case, naturally, the Official Records of the war) and infrequent mention of secondary works, the same skill in piecing together a story, the same generous assumption that the reader will know at once the full names of persons who appear in the text only as Governor This or General That, and the same placid refusal to be stirred by anybody or anything, that characterized the previous volumes are equally in evidence here. Seldom, if ever, has so elaborate a historical narrative embodied such a mass of well-arranged incident, or given so clearly the impression that all that really happened was just one thing after another.

It cannot be said, however, that for the Civil War years the method, admirable beyond question in its way, works out as well as it did for much of the preceding period. The Civil War was an episode of many sides—sectional, partisan, constitutional, military, economic, humanitarian, diplomatic, religious. The stage upon which the play was set was large, the actors many, the plot sometimes obscure and always complicated. Less than ever was it possible for any one newspaper to reflect a general opinion even in its own locality, and the monumental documents of the federal government are far from containing the whole story of what the government knew or did. Amusing or informing sidelights we get, of course, as when the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng told his audience at the Madison Avenue Baptist Church in this city that the first Bull Run battle "was fought on Sunday and that was reason enough for defeat," or when Henry Ward Beecher, replying in the New York *Independent* to Lincoln's famous letter of August 22, 1862, to Greeley, assured his readers that while Lincoln "means well, and tasks himself to do well for the country," "he is an overmatched man" and "cannot carry the government in its great emergency." Given the method and the point of view, Professor McMaster has done, perhaps, as well as it was possible to do, but although he pilots us safely through the forest, it is somewhat disturbing to find him at least equally interested in the trees.

Nevertheless, the book is a great achievement. Its strong points are its exposition of the diplomatic relations between the United States and Great Britain and France, its exceptionally full presentation of political opinion and maneuvering within the Confederacy, and its summary views of economic conditions in the North and the South during the war. To these noteworthy features are to be added the passages in which he describes such minor episodes as the first movements of troops for the defense of Washington, the suspension of the habeas corpus privilege, and the draft riots in New York.

Taken as a whole, the book is analytical rather than descriptive. Doubtless the historian, if he is to be scientific, must hold himself to his sources and let facts tell the story. Professor McMaster's unemotional temper, however, leads him to pass lightly over episodes which, at the time, caught the imagination of the North or the South. The brilliance or tragedy of battles and sieges, the play of personal motives in soldiers and statesmen, the thrill and pathos of Lee's surrender or of Lincoln's death—such things as these stir but slightly his annalistic calm. One who had never before read a 650-page history of the Civil War would certainly close this book with a distinct impression that there had been a great conflict, and that in its course the nation had been thrown into vast disarray. He would be a more than ordinarily reflective reader if he gathered an equally clear impression of a national existence imperiled, or of a culmination of seventy-five years of national history which made war inevitable and determined the manner in which the war should be fought.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Chaucer and Sherlock

Some New Light on Chaucer. Lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute. By John Matthews Manly. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE central theme, the "spire of meaning," about which Professor Manly leisurely organizes his interesting lectures on the Canterbury Pilgrims is fitly forecast by the suggestion that the original of his frontispiece, the Seddon portrait of the poet, "may well have been painted from life." The picture, thus derived, not only aptly anticipates but strikingly symbolizes the lecturer's repeated contention that Chaucer's own sketches of fourteenth-century men and women are drawn directly from living models. The energy and efficiency of a master of investigation and of the skilful inspectors of his staff never wane nor weaken in the rigid determination to identify the Pilgrims with this or that lawyer or franklin or shipman that trod fourteenth-century English earth, for to these ingenious detectives the success of Chaucer's art seems to hang upon the ability of his contemporary audience to recognize straightway the originals of his portraits, their features and their foibles.

Unhappily for Professor Manly's symbol, careful comparison of the Harvard painting with the manuscript presentments of Chaucer compels the conviction, shared by its present academic owners, that it is merely one of the many modifications of the famous little sketch by Occleve drawn from memory after the death of its subject. Unluckily for the thesis, so sturdily championed, three large considerations run directly counter to the claim that the poet's persons are accurate reproductions of actuality. Such is not the method of the literary craftsman in any age; such surely cannot be the way of the medieval satirist of classes, whose readers reveled in generalization; nor does such a design seem at all in accord with Chaucer's oft-demonstrated love of individualized conventions. A word or two for each of these objections.

The observer of the habits of many men "describes not men but manners, not an individual but a species." And every journeyman of the guild heavily underscores this patent distinction between the real and the actual. The imagination, fed upon reality manifest in many persons, fashions its figments, each an artistic composite, a significant blending of several simples; and we recognize with delight not a chance acquaintance but a common humanity. Such implications of a universal likeness even in marked unlikeness survives and appeals when the artist and his world are dust. On the other hand the fleeting humor of topical "digs and grinds and hits" that Professor Manly finds alike in Chaucer and the Christmas Revue (a parallel fatal to his argument) is meaningless when the individual victims are unknown or forgotten. Moreover, the medieval mind is less interested in the particular than in the general, in the exceptional than in the normal. Medieval literature cherishes the type, the standard, and is concerned with categories and characteristics. The numerous social satires of the time are invariably directed against conventional and

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traditional weaknesses of orders and classes rather than against personal error. As a man of his age, Chaucer is primarily concerned with the typical attributes of each occupation, merchant, doctor, ploughman. Though he may individualize the representative of a class or calling by circumstantial touches of time or place, the great expositor makes general features, collective qualities, the foundation of his sketches. Hence the eager hue and cry after personal identification seems trebly mistaken and misleading—and (alas!) provocative of far-resounding strife with rival sleuthhounds from other agencies, trailing other originals. For example, it may be reasonably argued by the opposition that the prototype of the "Good Wife of beside Bath" is to be sought in the initial theme of her prologue, the five-husbanded woman of Samaria "beside the well" (*fons* is the common gloss of "bath" and "well"), and not in a contemporary Dame Alice resident in St. Michael's Parish.

Whatever be the source of Chaucer's figures, the rich material in Professor Manly's book amply vindicates the modest claim of its title. Some new light, surely, has been shed on Chaucer's man and women by these full-length portraits of prominent members of the various professions, and even the most obstinate heretic will heartily welcome such revelations of fourteenth-century actuality. We know the Man of Law, the Franklin, the Shipman better for having met under competent guidance Thomas Pynchbek, John Bussy, and John Hawley. The deduction from hearsay evidence no longer extant ("And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norroway") that Chaucer studied law in the Inner Temple is a least in accord with his role on many diplomatic missions. And the inferences regarding the wealth and importance of those good burgesses, the poet's forbears, seem fully warranted by the evidence. The attempt to advance the date of Chaucer's birth from 1340 to 1345 is far less fortunate, as the age of twenty, that of his young Squire, is far better fitted to his services in France (1360) than the most mature fifteen. By the way, why should the most daring of scholars repeatedly describe Thomas Chaucer as "the supposed son" of Geoffrey, inasmuch as that filial relationship is established far more firmly than any contention in the present volume?

FREDERICK TUPPER

Credible Macabre

The Dark Chamber. By Leonard Cline. The Viking Press. $2.

IT is a rare quality, that which Mr. Cline displays when he brings the fantastic and the macabre to such a high pitch of reality that the most prosaic strap hanger must believe in it as he reads. This quality lies not in the tale itself, the tale of Richard Pride, a curious, relentless man exploring his past and coming gradually to feel that all the experience of the race lies buried somewhere deep in his own consciousness. As he withdraws further and further into himself on his endless quest after this history his wife struggles vainly to bring him back from "the dark chamber" of his mind, and his daughter flees away from the morbid whirlpool of his investigations.

The mechanism is clumsy at times, for the story is told in the first person by the young musician who comes to help Pride and to play for him the music of his past. The musician is a shadowy figure, sensitive and quick, but never rounded out by his own remarks, or by the actions of others towards him. Also, the setting of the story reeks somewhat too obviously of the sinister—the huge, decaying house; the great police dog who does not look *at* Pride's daughter, but *past* her; the wife who practices black magic; and Richard Pride's gray stone study above the Hudson, a building which looks like a "peering monster" among the trees and hills.

Yet, out of this mixture of the obvious and the bizarre Mr. Cline has evolved a tale which is gruesomely credible. His characters, inanimate and animate, move on the canvas, and are something new before one has time to size them up and call them only the trappings of a ghost story. Mr. Cline understands to the full the effectiveness of the verb as against the adjective, and there are no worn-out phrases as he carries on his time-honored task of describing the macabre. For instance, the shadows cast on the wall by candlelight "hunched and reared and panted," and, later, a winter wind coming in through a hole in the window "stumbled and rolled on the floor clawing at scraps of paper and rugs." This method can be carried too far, but Mr. Cline has unusual literary tact. His story moves to its bleak conclusion with a foreboding speed which is restless and alive without being too nervously abrupt.

MARTHA MOTT

Marxian History

Peasant War in Germany. By Friedrich Engels. International Publishers. $1.50.

Thomas More and His Utopia. By Karl Kautsky. International Publishers. $2.25.

BOTH of these books have the same outlook. Both are radical in the interpretation of their material. Both represent the revolutionary approach of the Marxist.

In these days when the influence of Marx is felt in the protest and revolt of oppressed peoples in all parts of the globe; when a revolution has been effected in his name; and when almost every phase and activity of life has been examined in the light of his theory, it is of importance that Marxian classics be translated and reprinted so that the social philosophy embodied in this doctrine can be fully understood and appreciated. Marxism is more than economic dogma. It is a philosophy of life. It studies the whole of life in terms of its underlying economic formulas. Its approach to every subject, therefore, is different from that which prevails in most of our intellectual world. Engels, for example, in the preface to the second edition of "The Peasant War in Germany," while describing the method of the book, states the Marxian position very clearly:

> I [aimed] to prove that the political and religious theories were not the causes [of the peasant war], but the result of that stage in the development of agriculture, industry, land and waterways, commerce and finance, which then existed in Germany.

While Engel's work in "The Peasant War in Germany" is confined to Germany, and Kautsky's work in "Thomas More and His Utopia" is confined to England, the very fact that both books are concerned with the beginnings of that revolt against feudalism, which was to lead to the individualism of our present era, makes their kinship the more conspicuous. The rise of Protestantism was once treated as a profound revolution. It was once viewed as the triumph of the modern conception. In the historical analysis of both Engels and Kautsky, however, we discover Protestantism to be but part of that great movement of individualism that had begun to sweep over the entire face of the European world. The Renaissance had been a cultural outgrowth of the commercial revolution which had first transformed Italy from the remnant of a decadent empire into a distorted confusion of struggling republics, each in aggressive competition and conflict with the other. The Hanseatic League in the Baltic was a northern expression of this same revolution. With the compass, the discovery of America, and the development of trans-oceanic traffic, these inland-sea civilizations surrendered to the oceanic ones. England, holding the key position in the new avenues of trans-oceanic commerce, became the dominant power. With all of this change, however, had come the growth of modern civilization, the downfall of medieval culture, the rise of a competitive economy, the decline of communal attitudes, and the protrusion of individualistic ones. Individualism became the ethical criterion of the new age. Individual values were exalted over social. Luther in his cry for the right of the individual to interpret the Bible

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in his own way, and his desire to afford the individual the opportunity of reading the Scriptures in his own language, expressed this economic motivation. Protestantism was not a cause but an effect. It was not Protestantism that changed the old world into something new; Protestantism was part, an effect, of the underlying economic change which did achieve this great revolution in values. Unity was replaced by diversity, order by chaos, the social by the individualistic. The internationalism of the Roman Catholic Church was replaced by the nationalism of rising economic centers and groups.

It is out of this rapidly changing background that the peasant wars, which Kautsky described as "the last convulsions of a dying community," developed and spread. Engels describes this background in vivid and flashing detail. His account of the conflict between Luther and Muenzer is in itself a clean-cut and illuminating analysis. The contrast between Luther, that "easy living flesh of Wittenberg," who attacked the peasants as "plundering hordes," and Muenzer, the "man with a hammer," who in his eager defense of the peasants erected, in his own words, "a wall of iron against the kings, princes, [and] priests," is effected in a manner that makes moving drama as well as faithful history. Even such figures as Joss Fritz, Hosza, and Gyorgy Dozsa, who was later to be roasted on a fiery throne and have his flesh eaten by his own soldiers, are included in the lively descriptions of the revolts as they sped from province to province, breaking out with an almost revolutionary rhythm on Judica Sunday. Engels vivifies the sweep and swing of this movement. The peasant camps become centers of exciting, insurrectionary activity. The failure of the revolts, due to the decentralization of Germany and the poor because unequipped and crude organization of the peasants, is discussed in abundant detail.

In "Thomas More and His Utopia" Kautsky deals with that complexity of forces that led up to the English Reformation and provided the contradictions and conflicts in economic life which gave More his social vision. More and his conception of Utopia are interpreted as outgrowths of the peculiar *milieu* that was sixteenth-century England. More is shown to have been a very humane, tolerant, liberal mind. His attitude, despite his adherence to Catholicism, was far in advance of that of Luther, the author of that famous expression "Whore Reason." It was as an Under-Sheriff that he gained his insight into the nature of economic life. It was out of the methodology of humanism that the logic of More's communism was born.

These books, it may be said in conclusion, afford an introduction to a period that has hitherto suffered from superficial analysis. In interpreting the epoch from the point of view of historical materialism they have flashed new light upon an important set of phenomena.

V. F. CALVERTON

In the Caves of Ariège

Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees. The Story of a Summer's Expedition in the Haunts of Prehistoric Man. By Ruth Otis Sawtell and Ida Treat. With Illustrations by Paul Vaillant-Couturier. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

AMONG the uncounted books on prehistoric European archaeology that have been published in the past dozen years, here is one that fills a niche of its own. Reading volume after volume of neatly catalogued reference surveys of type stations, or elaborate synopses that seem to have no other aim than to equip us to arrange a museum exhibit of chipped flints, who has not longed to recommend rather a book that sorts the endless detail into big and little, that is authoritative and yet does not conceal like the plague the romance and mystery of the paleolithic caves, their almost melodramatic appeal? But no one had written such a book.

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Of course any book on prehistory would be incomplete without the reproduction of certain unforgetable masterpieces of Cro-Magnon art, but in the present volume there are some delightful unhackneyed reproductions also, drawn off by the artist with a sure eye for the significant. Especially the drawings from Niaux are admirably selected.

The book is important, however, as a record of things done, not only of things seen. The authors were primarily interested in the excavating of a cave of their own, and uncovered one of the most important of recent finds, the only yet-discovered skeleton of Azilian Man who inhabited Europe during the prehistoric Dark Ages, the hiatus between the Old and the New Stone Age. They have written a book which stands as the most delightful of introductions to prehistory.

RUTH BENEDICT

A Note on Progress

Social Factors in Medical Progress. By Bernhard J. Stern. Columbia University Press. $2.25.

Should We Be Vaccinated? By Bernhard J. Stern. Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

THE thesis that a civilization runs on much in its own way, and that its development is conditioned only by what it itself has developed during its own past, is one which has been the subject of much debate among students who are interested in the mechanisms of cultural development. Professor Ogburn has perhaps given the most uncompromising statement of this position, and he has been bitterly attacked, most naturally, by certain psychologists and such biologists as are of the eugenist persuasion in their social thinking, who feel that history is essentially a matter of the great man and where he happens to be found to make whatever inventions may be needed at any given moment.

What have been needed in all this discussion, more than anything else, are data. Is it true that the great man swings the course of his civilization as he wills? Were Edison and Chaka and Napoleon and George Washington and Pasteur responsible for what seems to have happened because they lived and behaved as they did? Or are they merely expressions of the manners and times in which they lived and the historical development behind those times? Discussion has gone on and on, but, aside from Professor Kroeber's analysis of the rise and fall of the length of women's dresses with the years, and Professor Ogburn's and Dr. Thomas's list of simultaneous independent inventions, there have been few facts made available.

These two books by Dr. Stern, however, are directed toward throwing light on the problem which is presented, and they provide no little food for thought. The first takes up several outstanding phases of the development of medical practice and theory, while the second is an intensive discussion of one phase of that development, namely, the vaccination controversy. It is usually thought, by those who have not gone into the material, that the scientist has but to announce a discovery, publish his method and results, and submit to careful verification, in order to meet with acceptance as a matter of course. This would seem to be essential to the scientific method, and certainly would be expected in the field of human medicine.

But Dr. Stern, going through the history of medicine, tells a vastly different story. There are vested interests at work to prevent the diffusion and acceptance of new methods and practices, vested interests not only of the economic variety, but also those of "status, reputation, and prestige." There is the power of tradition—the resistance to change on the part of the conservative. There is the reverence that is felt toward the authority exercised by those who do things in the traditionally sanctioned manner. Text-books must be rewritten, apparatus must be altered, plants go into the discard when a new discovery changes technique and theory. Yet in spite of this the new discoveries go on, and sometimes prevail. But the most interesting point about it all is that, when our culture reaches a stage where it is ready for a discovery, that discovery seems to be made. Probably the most significant contribution in these two books is the table at the end of the first one, detailing multiple discoveries that have been made in medicine. Here are data to the point, and for one item after another of accepted medical practice and belief we are given the names of discoverers and the dates and places of two, three, four, and even five independent discoveries. They range the field of theory and practice of both curative and preventive medicine and surgery. It is an impressive list, and it is the sort of thing that must be done more and more if we are to have adequate light thrown on the problem of cultural change and its control.

One word may be said about the special discussion of vaccination. In spite of its title, it is not a controversial book. It is rather a historical presentation of the controversy that has raged about vaccination itself. And it should be of interest not only to the medical man who vaccinates but to the student of social processes who can see here, so to speak, social change put under the microscope.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Books in Brief

Victor Hugo: The Man and the Poet. By William F. Giese. The Dial Press. $4.

Gautier and the Romantics. By John Garber Palache. The Viking Press. $3.

This would seem to be the open season for Frenchmen; the air is full of moralistic arrows. Coincident with Barry Cerf's Mid-Western diatribe against the unfortunate Anatole France comes Professor Giese's irate philippic against Victor Hugo. Professor Giese goes about his indictment of Hugo as a barbarian with a ruthlessness that is almost savage. The erudition displayed is overwhelming; but the urbanity, the surgical intelligence that distinguished Babbitt's demolition of Rousseau are not reflected in the work of the disciple. Repetition, Ciceronian sentences, rhetorical inflation, and bludgeon-like satire are some of the unclassical weapons that Professor Giese employs to destroy a figure whose reputation has been on the wane for fifty years, and who is now very little more than a forlorn god in a poetic Pantheon that nobody visits. The puerile romanticism which Hugo represents is at this date so obviously *non grata* that one questions the necessity of these 300 pages of moral and aesthetic indignation. The trouble with the professor is that he does not know when the other fellow is down. He not only breaks his opponent's neck but continues, with an admirable obstinacy, to kick him in the stomach. It is bad enough to overwork a theory; but to ride a plain fact to death is sheer inhumanity to man. Mr. Palache's first book on Diderot, Laclos, Restif, and Crébillon had the advantage of covering fairly virgin ground. His second, carelessly written and filled with a superabundance of quotation, merely repeats the regulation anecdotes, from Gautier's rose waistcoat to Bau-

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THE TWINS—BIG BUSINESS AND BIG BOOSTING

But which of the Big Brothers is the father and which is the son?

OLD SOX ASKS "WHO? WHO PAYS FOR THE TRUMPETING?"—

Answer No. 1: "Athens."—Answer No. 2: "The Vendors."—Answer No. 3: "Nobody Pays."

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AND BIG BOOSTING have grown enormously since the war. Never in the history of the world have we seen such tornados of tooting as now. One billion two hundred and fifty ($1,250,000,000) is the estimate of our annual advertising as against perhaps four to five hundred million a few years ago. And meanwhile business is concentrating more than ever. Fewer factories. Fewer enterprises. Almost no new brands put before the public. And single advertising appropriations lifted from $100,000 to $500,000 to $2,000,000 to $5,000,000 and even more. What next?

IN POLITICS

Publicity stunts are being practiced beyond any dreams of the past masters. During the war publicity bureaus were established in numerous departments; and the managers did not always resign after the armistice. If they did the bureaus, divisions and even individual cabinet officers, who had had a taste of expert guidance on the way to brighten the limelight, built up new publicity machines. What is the answer?

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WE have published a most unusual book, a burlesque of modern business methods as related to publicity; every page a comedy, and yet every single comical situation designed to stir the reader, to make him think and analyze and to force him to answer the author's unanswered questions on modern business problems.

This book is all the more unusual because it is a satire on selling schemes, advertising and trade practices written by the active head of one of the well known national advertising agencies, who for twenty-five years past has handled many millions of dollars of advertising. His most widely known publicity work came in connection with the war when he was editor-in-chief of the 4-Minute-Men, writing the bulletins and speeches; thereafter associate director general of Labor propaganda in charge of the newspaper releases, speakers' bureau, war industries committees, motion pictures, and division of posters; and after the armistice in Europe, as chairman of the labor commission. (Note his ironical reference to his own war activities in his book.) Later he handled for some years the extensive advertising of the United States Shipping Board. Among his clients are men and firms of national and international reputation.

In attacking the "bunk" part of his own profession, the author handles his subject with the most refreshing frankness!

TAUROS and Bullem of the mighty Tauros Trumpeting Agency are about to sign up Zeusikin, the merchant prince of Athens, on a trumpeting contract based on a "bunk" plan for selling olive oil. Then Old Sox, a street corner loafer, "butts in," followed later by his two disciples, Platon and Aristoteles.

Old Sox asks so many questions, that the tragedy ends where it began—on the rock of faith amid an atmosphere of misty mysteriousness.

Here are some of the questions:

1. *Is commerce good and beautiful? If so,* when and how?
2. Is tooting a necessary evil of commerce? If so, is it not good and beautiful, even when ugly?—But when and where and how is that tooting necessary?
3. Who pays for the tooting?—What! Athens? And can that be good and beautiful?
4. About those twins, Big Business and Big Boosting (see cartoon above; also cartoon above on "cumulative effect.")
5. Is the Art-Ful-Ness of expensive pictures, music and high-priced poetry necessary in order to make the art of trumpeting real Art-Ful?
6. What is "quality"? What is high class people? Are they the rich people or the philosophers?—(And he might have added, "Are the readers of a 1,000,000 circulation the "quality" people or are the readers of "The Nation"?)

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delaire's green hair. Unlike Professor Giese, Mr. Palache has nothing particularly to say about romanticism. His exposition of the romantic theory is a tame summary of the usual text-book generalizations. It is clear that his volume was written simply to serve as a convenient vehicle for a number of literary anecdotes. It is an occasionally amusing joke-book; but, in Mr. Saintsbury's phrase, its only unity was given it by the binder.

The Fall of Robespierre and Other Essays. By Albert Mathiez. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

Regardless of what may be said of Professor Mathiez's manner—a certain verbosity, a mixture of the trivial with the significant, a Latin penchant for controversy, an obvious partiality that sometimes lays him open to the charge of special pleading (though it would be hard to challenge his defiant claim never to have made any assertions without valid proof)—his work is the most important for the interpretation of the French Revolution that has been done since Aulard; in so far as it corrects many misinterpretations of the latter, it is indeed even more important than his. This is the first translation of any of the numerous writings of Professor Mathiez into English. The choice is not altogether a happy one, for Professor Mathiez has done much that is more important and better written. It is to be feared that the general reader, wearied by documents quoted in full and by details regarding minor characters of the revolution, will close the book in disgust before he finishes. If he perseveres, however, he will find two essays, at least, that will repay his efforts. The one on Robespierre and the Cult of the Supreme Being shows that Robespierre did not invent this deistic religion and then proceed to foist it upon an unwilling convention and republic, as is generally believed, but that it was an effort, demanded by the convention and supported by the people, to codify the conflicting religious laws and practices that had arisen since the Apostolic Church had been proscribed. The other, on Robespierre at the Commune on the 9th Thermidor, will show that Robespierre, instead of being the timid legalist hesitating to appeal to insurrectionary arms on the day of his outlawry and capture that all accounts have hitherto portrayed him, acted the part, at first, of an astute politician and then, having decided on action, of a vigorous popular leader.

Congaree Sketches. By E. C. L. Adams. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

With this volume the University of North Carolina Press makes another addition to its notable series of books dealing with the Negro. This time the volume pretends to be fiction, but there is little in Dr. Adams's work that suggests an artist consciously manipulating his material. The author appears to have effaced himself almost completely from his book; except in one brief passage the Negroes do all the talking, and it is talk unrestrained by the presence of a white man. All of the fifty-four brief dialogues, folk tales, anecdotes, and verses are interesting, and a few—of which "Ole Man Tooga's Chile" is probably the best—have the concentration, simplicity, and power of enduring literature.

Drama

The Curtain Rises

CURIOUSLY enough the theatrical business conducts itself without the slightest regard to the laws of the drama, for though a season has its beginning and its end it never commences with anything likely to capture the attention of the spectator and never ends upon anything but a distressing anti-climax. During the last days of August certain doleful farces begin to appear upon stages left dark by the lingering death of last winter's successes; and then, no matter to what heights the season may rise, it most undramatically peters out in the

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late spring when the managers—with empty theaters on their hands—bring out the plays which not even their professional optimism thinks well of. As a result the public does not even know when to come or when to go home. A few of its most eager members wander hopefully in around the first of September; a few of the most hardy are not driven away until the increasing dulness of the dramas makes even the seasonless movies seem either profound or entertaining; and thus the audience, which had straggled slowly in before the play had really begun, melts gradually away after all that matters has been finished. Perhaps the individual American playwright is too much addicted to the "snappy" beginning and the epigrammatic curtain line, but the institution which supports him could profit much by learning a little of his technique. If only the curtain would rise promptly when the play is ready to begin and descend with dramatic finality when it is done!

This year Mr. Arthur Hopkins, generally one of the most interesting and intrepid of our managers, rings up his curtain at the Plymouth Theater with a highly sentimental comedy-drama of back-stage life which tells the not very fresh story of a low comedian who went wrong when he reached Broadway but who was redeemed by the love of his faithful wife. "Burlesque," as the play is called, struggles hard to achieve a picturesque effect sufficient to veil the banality of its theme, and it is sprinkled with cynical wisecracks intended to give a bitter coating to what is in reality a sugar pill, but though the latter are frequently pungent with a typically American wit they cannot disguise the fact the play itself is feebly and stalely sentimental. One of the characters says of a certain tank-town snooper that she is the kind who would ask if Klaw and Erlanger were ever really married, and the soubrette, returned from a rather difficult party staged by some town folks, remarks: "Girls like us shouldn't mix with really nice people—they're too rough." But though these lines are good enough, they lie upon the surface of a play keyed to an entirely different mood, and they are uttered by characters so sweetly correct in all their actions as to make the second of the two seem less satiric than merely platitudinous. Salty dialogue may often be the result of a flash of insight or of a momentary grip upon the essentials of a situation and it may be written by a man who is not, yet at least, capable of the sustained steadiness of vision necessary to present an interpretation of life in any form whose main outlines are not conventional. Hence it is that there are a dozen American playwrights who can put into the mouths of their characters genuinely witty comments for one who can conceive and work out a play in which the thesis and the characterization are one-tenth as pungent, as searching, or as original as the best bits of his dialogue. Perhaps these bits represent his real self, but he is unable to detach it from the complex mass of conventional ideas and sentiments in which it is entangled. The wise-crack may be the beginning of wisdom, but it is no more than that, and "Burlesque" is but a dreary expanse of conventional sentiment illuminated by a few epigrams which carry a snap in their tails.

Mr. Hopkins is not usually content to follow in the footsteps of his competitors, but upon this occasion he has brought the odium of comparison upon himself. Since he probably had "Broadway" in mind when he decided to produce "Burlesque" he can hardly complain if the spectators have it in mind too, and in the bottom of his heart he probably knows that it is not as good. Nor is its inferiority due solely to the fact that the earlier play took the first bloom of novelty off the back-stage setting. For all its factitiousness "Broadway" had a rapidity, a verve, and a vulgar energy which the new piece, in spite of all the smooth production and good acting which have been granted it, fails to achieve. Its lines are quite as good and there is one scene, that at the end of the second act, where the intoxicated ex-husband unexpectedly meets the man who is to marry his former wife and expresses his feelings by falling into a hysterical jazz-wedding dance reminiscent of some Burlesque "specialty," in which it comes nearer to the real thing than any scene in "Broadway" did; but the play as a whole is less fast, less melodramatically tense, and altogether less remarkable as a *tour de force* than that from which it is more or less frankly imitated. As popular plays go, it is better than the average and is by general consent the best play and the first hit of the new season, but that speaks more for the season than for it. It is trembling upon the edge of a great success, but whether or not it achieves it will probably depend in a great measure upon whether or not any one of the five or six other plays which deal with life behind the scenes are quick enough and good enough to steal the thunder which even in the case of "Burlesque" is at least borrowed.

Rosalie Stewart's revue, "A La Carte" (Martin Beck Theater), begins the season very brightly for the species of performance it represents. "Blood Money," a melodrama by George Middleton (Hudson Theater), is pretty certain to run long. The mystery is fresh and interesting, though the element of love, introduced toward the end through Phyllis Povah, is handled more tritely than it needed to be.

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International Relations Section

Madame Sun's Withdrawal

WE reprint from the *China Weekly Review* of July 30 the statement made by Madame Sun Yat-sen (Sun Soong Ching-ling) at Hankow, July 14, three days before her complete withdrawal from active political work in the Kuomintang:

I feel that it is necessary at this time to explain as a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang that we have reached the point where definition is necessary and where some members of the party executive are so defining the principles and policies of Dr. Sun Yat Sen that they seem to me to do violence to Dr. Sun's ideas and ideals. Feeling thus I must disassociate myself from active participation in the carrying out of these new policies of the party.

Today we face a crisis and we must probe searchingly into fundamental questions for fundamental answers. We must answer the question of the nature of the revolution in general, of the Chinese revolution in particular, whether it is to be a mere political or a social revolution, and what changes are involved.

In the last analysis, all revolution must be social revolution, based upon fundamental changes in society; otherwise it is not a revolution, but merely a change of government.

To guide us in the Chinese revolution, Dr. Sun has given us his Three Principles and his Three Policies. It is the Third Principle, that of the livelihood of the people, that is at stake at the present time, the principle that answers the questions of fundamental social changes in China.

The Third Principle

The Third Principle was held by Dr. Sun to be basic in our revolution. In this principle we find his analysis of social values and the place of the labor and peasant classes defined. These classes become the basis of our strength in our struggle to overthrow imperialism, and cancel the unequal treaties that enslave us, and effectively unify the country. They are the new pillars for the building of a new, free China. Without their support, the Kuomintang, as a revolutionary party, becomes weak, chaotic, and illogical in its social platform; without their support, political issues are vague. If we adopt any policy that weakens these supports, we shake the very foundations of our party, betray the masses, and are falsely loyal to our leader.

Today there is much talk of policy. Dr. Sun defined Three Policies, which he decided were the only means by which his Three Principles could be carried out. But today it is being said that policies must be changed to fit the needs of the time. There is some truth in this statement, but change of policy must never be carried to the point where it becomes a reversal, so that a revolutionary party ceases to be revolutionary and becomes merely an organ, operating under the banner of revolution, but actually working in support of the social structure which the party was founded to alter.

Differences in the Party

At the moment we face critical issues. Theoretical and practical differences have arisen between various elements of the party. Drastic solutions are suggested. It is because I feel that the carrying out of some of these suggested solutions would destroy the strength of the party and delay the success of the revolution, that I must speak. These solutions seem to me a part of a policy which would alienate and suppress the classes upon which our strength largely depends and for which the revolution must be fought. Such a policy, I feel, is doomed to failure.

This new policy is proposed as a corrective to mistakes that have been made. But the corrective seems to me more serious than the mistakes.

It is time for honesty and courage. There have been mistakes, but the fact that some of us are unwilling to face is that we are at least as responsible for many of these mistakes as those whom we would now hold completely at fault. If we look back honestly at the past months in Wuhan, examine our words and decisions unflinchingly, we cannot evade this responsibility. Speeches, statements are recorded in the history of the party. But now we would shirk the responsibility, shift it to other shoulders.

Yes. There have been mistakes, but we must face the fact that they are not only others' mistakes; they are our own as well. We have helped to make them; we must correct them. Moreover, for revolutionary mistakes, revolutionary solutions must be found. We must not betray the people. We have built up in them a great hope. They have placed in us a great faith. To that faith, we owe our final allegiance.

Dr. Sun came from the people. He has told me a great deal about his early days. He came from the peasantry. His father was a farmer and the people in his district were farmers.

Dr. Sun was poor. Not until he was fifteen years old did he have shoes for his feet, and he lived in a hilly region where it is not easy to be a barefoot boy. His family, until he and his brothers were grown, lived almost from hand to mouth, in a hut. As a child he ate the cheapest food—not rice, for rice was too dear. His main nourishment was sweet potatoes.

A Revolutionary from Youth

Many times Dr. Sun has told me that it was in those early days, as a poor son of a poor peasant family, that he became a revolutionary. He was determined that the lot of the Chinese peasant should not continue to be so wretched, that little boys in China should have shoes to wear and rice to eat. For this ideal, he gave forty years of his life.

Yet today the lot of the Chinese peasant is even more wretched than in those days when Dr. Sun was driven by his great sense of human wrongs into a life of revolution. And today men, who profess to follow his banner, talk of classes, think in terms of "revolution" that would virtually disregard the sufferings of those millions of poverty-stricken peasants of China.

Today also we hear condemnation of the peasant and labor movement as a recent, alien product. This is false. Twenty, thirty years ago, Dr. Sun was thinking and speaking in terms of a revolution that would change the status of the Chinese peasant. In his early twenties, he wrote to Li Hung-chang, petitioning for social and economic reforms. In 1911, he wrote an article on the agrarian question in China, printed in Geneva in *The Socialist*, in which he said that the basis of social and economic transformations in China is an agrarian revolution. All his life, this was one of the big goals he had in mind. Everything he planned he saw as means to the betterment of the life of the Chinese masses. In 1915, when we were in Japan, he urged Liao Chung-kai to study more deeply into the peasant and labor problems.

It is only in the past few years, after four decades of struggle, that these plans for a revolution of the people have begun to bear fruit. I remember clearly the first All-Kwangtung Peasants Conference, in Canton, in July, 1924. Then for the first time, we saw the people of China, who must be her new strength, coming to participate in the revolution. From all the districts of Kwangtung, the peasants came, many of them walking miles and miles, barefooted, to Canton. They were ragged, tattered. Some carried baskets and poles. I remember I was deeply moved.

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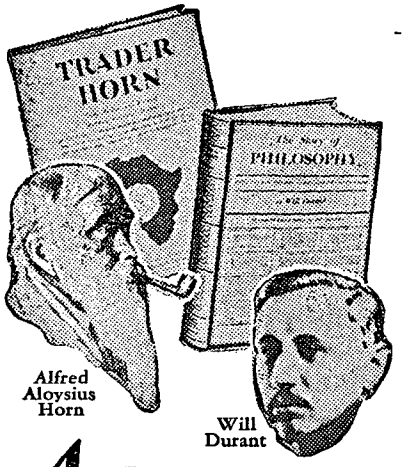

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UNIQUE cottage, charmingly furnished, at Morristown, N. J., 7 minutes' walk from Lackawanna station, one hour from New York. On plot 90 by 125. Very quiet and secluded among tall poplars and pines. Studio living-room 15 by 25, large fireplace, 2 small bedrooms, pipeless furnace, gas, electricity. To lease for one year or longer. Owner leaving town. $75 monthly. Write 51 Ford Avenue, or phone Morristown 1719-W.

FOR RENT—Beautiful country house in Scarsdale. Unusual studio living room, five master bedrooms, artistically furnished. Two acres, gardens, tennis court, chickens. All electrical equipment. Owner going abroad. Occupancy October—May or June. Help remaining if desired. Reasonable rental to suitable party. 58 Park Road. Call Scarsdale, New York, 1773.

FURNISHINGS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—complete furnishings for 2 or 3 room apartment, including American antiques, china, linen and silver. Available Oct. 1st. Box 879, % *The Nation.*

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GREENWICH VILLAGE—4 Grove Street. Studio apt. ($90); and two-room housekeeping apt. ($105); in charming old house; sunny; overlooking Grove Court. Evenings 7 to 9; Sundays 3 to 9.

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WANTED—October first, by one person in Washington Square section, one or two room attractively furnished apartment. Desire unusually large living-room with fireplace, kitchenette, and bath with shower. If possible, tiny bedroom in addition. Excellent care and references. Rent $100 or under. Box 881, % *The Nation.*

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Up to Thursday night, 5,109 copies of *Trader Horn* have been sold this week—a new high record.

The Inner Sanctum has just received a blistering memorandum from the manufacturing department, correcting a statement in last week's column. Apparently we erred in announcing that *The Story of Philosophy* had gone into its 167th thousand. The joke's on us; it was really the 172nd.

Monday *The Story of Philosophy* celebrated its fourteenth successive month on the nation-wide best-seller list—ranking first, by a wide margin, most of the time, especially during the last eleven months.

Of all members of *The Inner Sanctum* staff, the one who received most mail this week was Francis Bacon, patron saint of the SIMON AND SCHUSTER—FORUM MAGAZINE $7,500 *Award for the Humanizing of Knowledge.*

Without broadcasting the intimacies of the jury room, we can report that FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN'S new novel, *God Got One Vote,* got at least one vote for the last Book-of-the-Month accolade. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the eminent literary magistrate of Emporia, Kansas, makes no secret of his ballot.

More than that, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE ordered ten copies of *God Got One Vote* for his friends; that is the unimpeachable tribute.

Concerning the personality of W. L. RIVER, author of *Death of a Young Man,* we have been singularly reticent. Not only did Mr. River request this silence—he has rigorously insisted upon it, in the face of many tempting invitations for publicity. He prefers to let his novel speak for itself.

After reading *Death of a Young Man,* a distinguished novelist telegraphed *The Inner Sanctum* for some information about the author. We finally wrung from him permission to dispatch this night letter in reply:

> RIVER is twenty-four. Graduate University Chicago. Deeply interested biology psychology music. Spent rigorous literary apprenticeship on Staten Island. Followed by six months work on transatlantic freighter. His special interests among modern writers are SCHNITZLER and PROUST.

On Friday, September 30, WILL DURANT returns from Europe, and we shall celebrate the event by publishing on that date his new book, *Transition, A Mental Autobiography.*

Transition is "a remembrance of things past," set down *con amore,* a chronicle of changing faiths, an intimate "total perspective" in which this historian and lover of wisdom looks at life and love. *Transition* is so frank, so movingly written, so charged with the personality of WILL DURANT, that *The Inner Sanctum* cannot take a detached critical view of it.

—ESSANDESS

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Dr. Sun was moved also. When we reached home, he said to me: "This is the beginning of the success of the revolution," and he told me again the part the oppressed people of China must play in their own salvation.

All these years, his purpose was clear. But today we talk of recent foreign influence. Was Sun Yat-sen—the leader who was voicing the agrarian revolution for China when Russia was still under the heel of the Czar—was he the tool of foreign scheming?

Not True Followers of Dr. Sun

Dr. Sun's policies are clear. If certain leaders of the party do not carry them out consistently, then they are no longer Dr. Sun's true followers, and the party is no longer a revolutionary party, but merely a tool in the hands of this or that militarist. It will have ceased to be a living force working for the future welfare of the Chinese people, and will have become a machine, the agent of oppression, a parasite fattening on the present enslaving system.

We face a serious crisis. But it is more of a crisis for us as individuals than for China as a country. Whether the present Kuomintang at this moment rises to the height of its ideals and courageously finds a revolutionary corrective for its mistakes, or whether it slumps into the shamefulness of reaction and compromise, the Three Principles of Dr. Sun Yat-sen will conquer in the end. Revolution in China is inevitable.

At the moment I feel that we are turning aside from the Tsungli's policy of leading and strengthening the people. Therefore I must withdraw until wiser policies prevail.

There is no despair in my heart for the revolution. My disheartenment is only for the path into which some of those who had been leading the revolution have strayed.

Contributors to This Issue

William J. McNally is a Minneapolis newspaper man.

Robert Dell, author of "My Second Country (France)" is a veteran of the Paris correspondents' corps.

Harry F. Ward is the author of several books on religion, and is the general secretary of the Methodist Federation of Social Service.

Arthur Garfield Hays is a New York lawyer.

William MacDonald, the author of numerous volumes on American history, was formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*.

Frederick Tupper is professor of English at the University of Vermont.

V. F. Calverton is editor of the *Modern Quarterly*.

Ruth Benedict is in the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University.

Melville Herskovits is in the Department of Anthropology at Northwestern University.

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